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# THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET. THE MINE.

AND

# OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN HARRIS.

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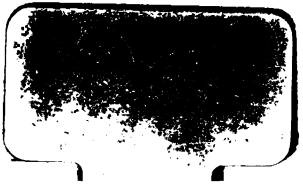

THE

# MOUNTAIN PROPHET, THE MINE,

# AND OTHER POEMS.

THE

# MOUNTAIN PROPHET, THE MINE,

# AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN HARRIS,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS FROM THE MINE, THE MOOR, AND THE MOUNTAIN,"
"THE LAND'S END, KYNANCE COVE, AND OTHER POEMS."

"HAIL, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
Forget, nor from Thy Father's praise disjoin."
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, book iii.

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# PREFACE.

THE author has little to offer in defence of the publication of these simple productions. Most of the pieces in the present volume have been written in the sacred light of his evening fire-side, and often when his little children have been sitting on his knees. He claims nothing more for them than that which has already been granted for his former publications,—the humble merit of originality and simplicity. Having received a small talent from the great Giver of all, he feels it to be his duty to employ it for His glory and humbly give it back to Him. Many of the pictures, both in the blank verse and also in the smaller poems, are not mere imaginary paintings, but real facts and living incidents in the brief history of his life. Thus, through many difficulties, he once more ventures to come before the public.

7, WELLINGTON TERRACE, FALMOUTH,
*September 22nd*, 1860.

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# THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET.

# THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET.

## BOOK FIRST.

### ARGUMENT.

The Mountain Prophet—His Hut in the Moss—His Morning Hymn—His Bride—His Daughter—Their sudden Death—His Sorrow—His Hope—Prosperity—Adversity—His Submission—The War-field—The Glory-seeker—His Mistake—His Wife—Her Watching—His Return—Death—Burial—The Village Yeoman—His Walk across the Moors—Apostrophe to Spring—Thoughts on Life's Journey—Return at Evening—The Postman's Knock—The Strange Letter—The Sudden Disaster—The Prophet's Love of Morning—His Prayer—The pious Peasant.

Day dawn'd along the heather; from his hut
Among the mosses, where he lived alone,—
Except his dog and goat and favourite bird,—
With flowing beard and forehead high and broad,
And eyes that flash'd with an unearthly fire,
Clad in a garment streaming to his feet,
The Mountain Prophet came: while the sweet flowers
Drank on the down their cups of morning dew,
Sitting among the willows wet with tears,
He raised his eyes and sang his matin hymn.

"Good, gracious Being, throned in endless space,
And stooping down to such a mite as man!
Accept the morning psalm I offer Thee.

I hear Thy voice flow through the gates of morn;
I see Thy hand in every folded bud;
I trace Thy wonders in the meanest worm;
I feel Thy goodness in the fanning air;
I read Thy bounty in the drops of dew.
Great is Thy name, and marvellous Thy power:
Thou art the same to-day and evermore.
Men change, and creeds evanish; but Thy love
Unfailing stretches through eternity;
And though sometimes to ever-erring man,
Stumbling along the stony path of life,
Thou wrapp'st Thyself in awful mystery,
The grand design is his eternal peace.

"How beautiful the summer of my life,
And the young bride Thou gavest me! Then there came
The image of her mother, and my harp
Was ever strung to notes of thankfulness;
The earth was Eden, Eden were the skies.
Thou saw'st these were my idols: so in love
The fever came and bore them both away.
How bow'd my soul beneath this winter-cloud!
No light broke in from the eternal Sun.
I shiver'd like a lost man mid the ice,
And groped about, not knowing where I went.
Then rose my soul in prayer, O God, to Thee,
And pour'd out all its sorrows: balm came down,
And gleams of glory glow'd through all my frame;
And closer walk'd I with the Blessed One,—
Lived less on earth, and mingled more with heaven.

"Years pass'd; rich mercies throng'd my temporal path;
I walk'd the earth in sunshine: lands increased,

And gold and silver Thou didst pour on me.
The love of lucre chill'd my love for Christ:
My heart had grown too worldly: then a scythe
Was sent by Thee to cut those brittle cords.
A storm arose and rent the watery wave,
And down went ships and costly merchandise;
My cattle perish'd in the blighted fields;
And sickness, like a strong arm from Thyself,
Pull'd me upon the borders of the pit;
And when I woke, like dreamer in strange land,
I found myself a poor man in my hut,
Alone within this shaggy wilderness.
O blessed God, I thank Thee for it all!
This way alone would lead me to Thyself:
My own mark'd path would issue in despair.
Here in these moorlands much I learn of Thee,
And riper grow for the white fields above.
All praise, all glory to Thy mighty name!
Among the dews of morn I shout for joy,
And with the birds now trembling into song
My hallelujahs float into Thine ear.
Glory to God! glory and praise to God!
Honour and might and majesty be Thine,
Power and dominion, now and evermore!"

And then he changed his theme and changed the key,
As starting on his feet he seem'd to hear
A marvellous echo from the land of lays.

"The cruel war had ended; from the field
The shooters had retreated, and the sword
Of the fierce soldier rested in its sheath.
The dead in heaps were roll'd into a pit,

And buried in their armour. Far away
The wounded had been carried; some in sheds,
And some in barns, and some in hospitals,
Were panting for dear life. Legless were some,
And some were eyeless, moaning in the dark;
Some were bereft of hands, and some of feet;
And some had splinters driven into the brain;
And some with more than half their faces gone,
And some whose ribs were shatter'd, groaning loud,
And some with bullets pressing near the heart,
And some with scalps half-blown into the air,
And some with broken arms and rooted joints:
And others roll'd in fearful agonies
With teeth hacked out and shoulders hewn away
Gashed in the battle with a hundred blades.

"Lift up thine eyes, and look upon yon hill:
Blood stains the blushing heather. Here, last night,
Huge armies met in combat, and a name
Was won, and writ in characters of gore.
Here lies a headless hero, there the head
Split like a shell in halves; yonder a steed,
And under it its rider black in death.
Pinn'd to a battery with quick-broken blades,
A hapless gunner dangles stiff as steel.
Here a grey veteran, grasping hard his spear,
Lies dead beside a youth cropp'd in his teens.
A father and his son, toss'd side by side,
With stony eyeballs stare into the skies.
Here shreds of armour, there a heap of heads;
And here a hand, beside a crimson rill,
That strangely grasps a shatter'd bayonet.
And here are legs in wild confusion hurl'd

Of horses and of men; while far away,
Beside a rock, a dying youth has crawl'd,
To read his Bible and give up the ghost.
A dismal dolour presses on the ear,
And over all dark pitchy wings are spread,
And Glory, shrieking, flies the bloody spot.

"In a farm-cottage on the Cornish cliff,
Half-hid with oak and leafy sycamore,
Dwelt Pitt the ploughman, singing merrily
Among the sky-larks and his leaping lambs.
His wife and children loved him tenderly,
For whom he labour'd with a happy heart;
Till one dark day, when loitering through the town,
An officer o'erwrought him with his speech,
And he became a soldier, laying down
The spade of peace to grasp the murderer's knife,
And wreak it with a vengeance. Then a cloud
Fell on his dwelling darkening evermore.
He had been told of glory, and he thought
To win her trappings 'neath the wing of War,
To have his name enroll'd among the great,
Green in his country's story. Ah poor man!
To seek for honour cutting human throats!
His conscience should have whisper'd better things,
And warn'd him of his error; and no doubt
It gently chid him mid his golden sheaves.
But he was deaf to all but Fame's red song,
Which only lured him from the crimson marsh.
Poor erring wanderer, dazzled by a spark!
The truly generous are the truly great.

"The night is chill and rainy: through the vales,

And up the hills, and o'er the boggy plains,
The weltering winds are writhing. Sad and slow,
The lone hours, one by one, are stealing out,
As by the fire a weary watcher sits
In sorrow for the absent, who has been
Through months of conflict on the hills of strife.
Sometimes her moist eyes gaze into the fire;
Sometimes she listens at the creaking door;
Sometimes she lifts her hands with freezing moan,
And a chill shiver shatters all her frame.
Sometimes she kneels upon the stony floor,
And sobs her sorrows in the ear of Heaven:
And then an angel with white wings of hope
Calms into peace the conflict of her soul.

"This stricken creature is the soldier's wife,
Once Pitt the village ploughman. Dark the day
On which he left his home for tented field,
The flail-staff for the cannon, spades for spears,
The reap-hook for the rifle, and the song
Of the sweet sky-lark o'er his Cornish cot
For murder's death-scream and the maniac's yell.
Since his departure to his butcher work,
Sickness blew on the flowerets of his home,
And with a fell swoop Death destroy'd them all;
And so the mother, desolate and lone,
With bleeding heart and eyes that cannot weep,
Waits for her husband, who, the letter says,
Has left the battle cover'd o'er with fame.

"A few days since, when passing by his door,
I saw the broken hero: he had crept,
Upborne by crutches, to his garden-gate,

And look'd a corse for paleness. Sad it was
To see a leg was missing, and his face
Was scarr'd in furrows fearful to behold.
'T was plain he had but little time to live.
His wife was standing by him, and her cheeks
Were almost fleshless, though her eyes were flame.
Has Glory nothing more than this to give,—
Limbs shatter'd, health destroy'd, and life lopp'd short?
Last evening, as the leaves dropp'd quiet dews,
And robin whistled on the ivy wall,
The funeral-bell was echoing up the moor,
And in the vale was fill'd the soldier's grave."

He paused upon his harp, while o'er him wheel'd
A flock of sea-birds, and the mower's scythe
Was rustling sweetly in the dewy grass,
And, coming down a little pensive lane,
A village-girl was singing an old psalm.
The smoke curl'd from a cottage chimney near,
The ploughman to the furrow led his team,
As thus he sang among the opening flowers:—

"'T was at the time when early lambs appear'd
In meads half flowerless, that a labouring man,
A man of books and study, as he walk'd
Across the moorlands, thus apostrophized:
'O gentle Spring, sweet maid of tears and sighs,
And shining shoots and blossoms numberless!
Hail, hail to thee, thou damsel of the dews!
I feel thy breath upon my pallid cheek;
It floats across the valleys like a balm,
And all the air seems full of imagery
The poets picture, and my soul of song.

I know thou comest; for I feel thy fire;
And from the weeping South I welcome thee,
With primrose clusters for the lap of earth,
And blue-bell cushions for the pastoral Muse,
And rills of sonnets for the rural bard.
Winter, away! we 've had enough of thee;
Thy storms have almost rock'd the ragged hills,
And toss'd the ocean up to meet the clouds,
Or torn it into rents like gulfs of doom,
Quick closing o'er the drowning mariner.
Thy chilly fingers, cold and shining ice,
Have almost petrified us into stone;
So that, when stealing out beside the wood
In overcoat, and muffled like a bell,
Our teeth have chatter'd at thy frigid roar.
Good bye, good bye! we 've had enough of thee:
And hail, meek Spring, thou damsel of the dews!'

"And then his thoughts assumed another form,
And childhood rose before him, soft with sweets,
And milk-white blossoms from the tree of May;
His play-hours bright, beside the cot of thatch;
His mother's story, in the faggot's flash;
The prayers of one he never could forget;
The songs he sang behind the hazel plough,
Or when he watch'd the sheep, or thresh'd the sheaf;
His father's counsel at the household board;
His slides in winter, on the wide down's pool;
His bird-nest rambles in the ferny creeks;
His first departure, his long stormy sail
O'er seas all billows, and his safe return;
His walks with Mary in the clime of love;
His marriage-day, when earth appear'd a heaven;

His firstborn son, and then child after child
In regular succession, till his home
Was fill'd with treasures from the mint above;
His farm and flocks, and one thing more than all,—
The time and place he gave his heart to God.
And praising much the loving Saviour's name,
He stood before the lattice of his cot,
What time the taper on the table burn'd,
And saw bright eyes glance on him lovingly.

"There is a joyous utterance by the hearth
Unknown to other nooks, and gentle thoughts
Flow in the fire-light wing'd with words of balm.
Sweet was the converse of that cottage choir
Which classic chiefs might envy, and Delight
Sat on the cushion with a smile for all;
When at the door was heard the postman's knock,
And soon a letter with a foreign seal
Was lying on the table. Much amazed,
The children whisper'd and the parents smiled,
Conjecturing whom it came from. 'Break it, sire,
And let us see what 's in it,' said they all.
And soon they saw the writer's autograph.
It was a letter from a daughter's hand,
Penn'd many miles away, bearing within
A precious portrait of their absent one,
Who for seven years had never seen their face;
A money-order, and a line to say,
'Expect me, mother, with the cuckoo-bird.'
How much they joy'd 't is not for bard to sing:
Sad that such joy should be so near to pain.

"That night a fire devour'd them. From the heavens

A mass of flame dropp'd like the arm of Fate,
And whelm'd them in destruction; dwelling-house,
Barn, corn-rick, pig-sty, cattle with their sheds,
All scorch'd to ashes, save one little boy
Toss'd by his mother, in a blanket wrapp'd,
Through the hot casement on the garden shrubs,
As the red chamber sank beneath her scream,
And all went down to ruin: he was saved;
And when his sister reach'd her native land,
She found him like a lone bird on the wild,
And took him to her nest, and lived with him,
And brought him up to manhood, when his name
Roll'd like an echo through the realm of mind.

"How sweet the music of the mellow morn!
Each bush that trembles in the dewy dawn
Seems a cloak'd minstrel bursting into praise.
The shining flowers, wet with the tears of night,
With silent voices sing upon their stems:
Each zephyr has a lyre upon its wings,
Each fern a harper, each white crag a harp.
Up from the rushes flocks of swallows float,
Wheel o'er the rocks, and dash into the dell,
And glimmer round like brilliant shreds of song.
The bard-thrush carols from the golden brake;
The rill sends up an anthem, and the wood
A shout of praises to the Great Supreme.
How beautiful to catch the first fresh burst
Of harmony from Nature's morning choir!
That little cow-herd, whistling o'er the field
To lure the sky-lark in his upward flight,
And brushing back his hair to see the sun
March from his mansion o'er the tissued mount,

Is happier here than Sleep upon his silk.
Be mine the joy to watch the breezy Morn
With tears upon her face, to breathe her sweets,
And worship God on Nature's dewy throne."

Then kneeling down among the fragrant thyme,
He lifted up his heart in earnest prayer,
That God would bless him in his fane of heath,
And quickly pour His Holy Spirit down,
And save the great world which He has redeem'd.
Alone with Silence in her mossy home,
He bow'd before his Maker. On the clouds
Bright beings floated from the meads of Morn,
Drifting away in space, and smiled to see
A pilgrim praying with his face in tears.
A stream of joy fell from the Fount of Life,
Gladdening his happy soul, so that the gorse,
And ragged rocks, and hoary heights around,
Seem'd gilded with the glow of Paradise;
And when he left his closet on the crag,
A holy light was resting on his brow,
And peace was flowing through his bounding heart,
The rich reward of intercourse with Heaven.

I knew a man who dwelt among the meads,
A labouring man, a man without a pound,
Who wrestled with the Lord in mighty prayer,
Until he moved the heart of the Most High,
Who sent bread to him by the birds of heaven.
One morn in Spring, when I was yet a child,
And had a childish passion for field-flowers,—
As I have now, though stumbling down the hill,—
I stroll'd into the leas in search of buds;

And, feeling thirsty, sought this good man's door,
To ask a cup of water. All alone
I found him, praying in his only room,
With hands and eyes raised upward: though I spoke
Three times in earnest, me he heeded not,
Entranced in his devotion. God was there,
And beings brighter than in palaces.
Such nooks of earth, thus trod by holy feet,
Are hallow'd ground for ever. He who walks
Amid those grottoes treads the skirts of heaven.
Again I spoke, but spoke once more in vain;
And so I left him talking with the Lord.
One eve in April, as the primrose flowers
Closed in the coppice 'neath the twilight star,
His soul went forth to rest for evermore.
O, many years have pass'd away since then,
And many images of by-gone days
Lie in the chambers of forgetfulness
Mid skeletons dust-cover'd; but this saint
Alone with Jesus in his humble home,
Grows brighter still as old Time steals away,
Bringing me nearer to the door of death.

# THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET.

## BOOK SECOND.

### ARGUMENT.

NOONTIDE—The Love of Home—The Prophet and the Bible—A Voice across the Waves—Song to the Sacred Scriptures—The Funeral through the Orchard—Measures of the Day—The Sabbath—Ode to the Day of Rest—Picture of Peace—Cottage by a Stream—Its pensive Appearance—The dying Mother—The Orphans—The Graveyard—The Sod-cutter—His Hopes of Heaven—Death—Burial in the Snow—Evening—The Praying Peasant—The Funeral of War—The Millennium—Christ all and in all.

NOON fill'd the world with strivers. In his bower
The Prophet mused enraptured: swallows stopp'd
To peer upon him in his quietude,
And moorland breezes fann'd his flowing hair.
Oft in the fever of the fulsome town
Such dear nooks rise before me, full of God,
And running over with the breath of praise;
And tears flow down for what I can't enjoy.
The genii of the Muses hover here,
And sweep the mosses with their starry wings;
And oft at evening in the primrose time,
When my dear home was on the golden heights,
And Silence drew me from my reedy cot
Into her moss-house hung with leaves and flowers,—
When wandering softly in the falling dews,

I seem'd to hear the footsteps of the Lord.
Dear nooks of quiet, corners of content,
How am I sever'd from your stillness now!
And how refreshing are ye even in thought!
Like white-robed seraphs on this selfish world
Ye smiling stand, to woo me to your arms.
Till life's last hour, my heather-cover'd carne
Will share a large place in my inner self.
The very stones are precious in my sight,
And the peat hedges thrill like chords of song.
My spirit, panting through the universe,
Floats back to it, and settles down in peace.
Though clouds are heap'd upon the world like hills
From zone to zone, sunshine is always here.
My thoughts turn to it in my sea-wash'd home,
And the pale flowers and springs among the ferns,
And crags that cry to the wild tempest's shout,
Rise on my view like ministers of hope.

Mid such a scene, in such a golden grot,
The grey-hair'd Prophet mused at burning noon;
And, drawing from his bosom the best Book,
He read the sweet odes of the monarch-bard,
The shepherd-minstrel, who in early life
Attuned his lyre among his father's flocks,
And worshipp'd God by stream and spreading palm,
And then was lifted on the Jewish throne.
He turn'd the pages bright with promises,
And read how God so loved the wicked world
As for our sakes to give His only Son
To die upon the cross, that we might look
To Him, believe, be saved, and sweetly live
For ever in the groves of Paradise.

And fast the tears fell from the Prophet's eyes.
"Father," said he, "I thank Thee for Thy Word.
It is indeed a lamp unto my feet,
A light unto my path, a chart by which
My feeble bark may reach the creeks of heaven,
And safely anchor in the stream of Life.

"Methinks, as listening on this bed of thyme,
I hear a voice across the distant waves:
'Come to me, darlings, cluster round the log,
Get near the fire, and warm you in the blaze.
Snow hangs upon the mountains, and the pines
Look white as angels in their feathery robes:
The rills are silent, and the shaggy bear
Prowls in the darkness near the homes of men.
I 've brought a treasure from the British shore,—
That blessed book, the Bible; and I fain
Would read a portion to you ere we rest.
The Minister who freely gave it me
Said how it told of God who made the world,
And Jesus Christ, His well-beloved Son,
Who suffer'd for our sakes, and went to heaven.
And I desire to know those things myself:
So I have call'd you round our happy hearth,
And ask you now to listen.' Then he read
And wonder'd much, and read and wonder'd more;
And every night and every day he read,
Till light stream'd in to cheer them, and they walk'd
In golden sunshine through a clime of clouds.

"Yonder, beside the orchard, sad and slow,
A funeral train moves on; the dead a man
Who dearly loved his Bible, and who lived

In close communion with the Lord of life.
He leant upon the precious promises,
Like trembling traveller on his long-used staff.
Disease o'ertook him on his mid-way course,
And laid his hot hand on him. On his couch,
Beside his pillow, lay the Book of God.
I saw him when the green corn clothed the hills,
Clasping the Bible to his throbbing breast;
His eyes were full of waters, while his lips
Shower'd forth the everlasting promises.
A few days since, upon a car of light
His spirit pass'd the boundaries of the world,
And rested on the everlasting hills.
O Love eternal! thank Thee for the Book
Above all books, that shows the way to heaven!
No charter like the Charter of the skies.
Its gold gems glitter mid the dust of time
To woo the weary to eternal rest.
A full free river, clear and beautiful,
Its healing waters gladden every land.
It cheers the peasant, and exalts the peer;
It sheds a halo o'er the hedger's hut,
And adds a glory to the noble's hall.
In every clime, in every age the same;
Black men and white men, freemen and the slave,
All learn salvation from the written Word.

"How beautiful the measures of the day,—
Morn, noon, and eve, and legend-loving night,
When stars and comets and the floating moon
Teach their Creator in the blue-built heavens,
And musing Silence, by the ruin'd tower,
On the dark steep, and in the village lane,

Or stealing like a presence through the streets,
Is softly whispering, Holy One, of Thee!
Then when the week is ended, and its sighs
And crushing sorrows, prayers and burning tears,
Are all recorded by a seraph's pen,
How like an angel in its snowy robes
The Sabbath comes, with blessings on its brow!
And in its stillness men think of their sins,
And lift their hearts in prayer, O God, to Thee.
A holy anthem fills the universe,
And heaven and earth are mingling into one.

"Jesus, I thank Thee for the Sabbath-day,
When grapes are given me from the tree of life,
And angels, climbing hill-sides purple-hued,
Gleam on my vision, lifting me with song!
What myriads throng Thy courts at Sabbath-time,
To bow before the Root of Jesse's stem,
And climb communion's halo-cover'd head.
Ye brooks and breezes, summer's gentle lyres;
Ye ferns and furzes, birds and bleating kine;
Rock, tree, and flower, and grasses numberless;
Ye shining rushes, drinking at the rills;
Ye rills, that murmur music as ye flow;
Ye mosses, blinking at the waterfalls;
Ye waterfalls, that crash with endless praise;
Ye thunderbolts, that cleave the flinty hills;
Ye lofty hills, that lift your fronts to heaven:
Earth, sky, and ocean, every living thing,
Man, beast, and reptile, fish and floating fly,
Join with a worm to laud your Maker's name,
And praise Him for the healing Sabbath-day.
Shout Hallelujah! shout it high, ye winds,

And let the rain-drops pour it from their urns,
And zephyr bear it on its tuneful wings:
Glory to Him who made the Sabbath-day!

"How calm the spirit brooding over all!
Beside yon rock, white in its lichen robes,
A being sits with beauty on her brow.
Sweet notes gush from her, like to those we hear
A pensive poet playing on his harp,
When he forgets the world and the world's cares.
She wears a vest of blossoms; in her hand
She holds a corn-sheaf, on her head a crown
Of burning berries beautifully bright,
And words of love and plaintive tenderness
And free goodwill are flowing from her lips.
Men drive her from the city; so she hides
In lonely places, praying evermore
That war and discord and distress may die.
Her name is Peace, her home is with the good.
Though born in heaven, she glides the warring globe,
And woos the nations 'neath her leafy wings.
She woos them, but they will not come to her;
Rave, rush, and stab, and stumble in their graves.
Yet Peace will soon appear: she comes, she comes,
To link the world in loving brotherhood;
And War shall then be hooted to his tomb."

Again he rested on his instrument;
Then sang a sad song, gazing through a tear.

"Night waned away in silence; then the morn
Broke like a mystery o'er the ancient hills,
And fill'd the vales with music. By a stream

A humble cottage, perch'd upon a mound,
O'erlook'd with sycamore and English oak,
Where rooks were cawing and gray sparrows chirp'd,
Glow'd in the glory of the rising sun.
Nature awoke all dewy from her rest,
And donn'd her cloak of sunbeams, while her heart
Sent forth a flood of God-accepted praise.
Each bird and bee, and sweetly-flowing stream,
And crag and creek, and sun-illumined height,
And moor and mead and marsh, and stirring wood,
And common brown, and cliff and murmuring sea,
Sent up its anthem in the ear of Heaven.

"Pause we a moment by this rustic porch,
And gaze upon the cottage. Sweet indeed
Are tree and trellise, walk and hanging flower,
And reedy roof, and chimneys ivy-wreathed:
But yet a sombre sadness hangs o'er all,
Pressing into the spirit, and a voice
Seems sadly sobbing of decay and death.
No eyes peer through the lattice; by the door,
No merry voices mingle; on the seat
Beneath the woodbine, in the grotto still,
No father sits to breathe the morning balm;
Blinds hang o'er all the windows; not a sound
Is echoing here, but all is still as death.
A few days since, within that upper room,—
You scarcely see the casement for a fir,
Whose graceful branches fall like folds of air,—
A mother lay a-dying, and her face
Was pale as marble, yet more beautiful.
At the bed's foot two little sisters sat,
The only children of the sinking one,

Conversing in a tone subdued and low,
With tears upon the roses of their face.

"'Don't weep, Racele: o'er yon frowning steep,
And higher up, beyond those gathering clouds,
And higher still, behind the solemn sky,
Amid the stars, upon His throne of light
Our heavenly Father sits, and He looks down
To bless the weeper trusting in His care.
Have we not often heard our mother say
That not a sparrow drops upon the ground
Without His notice, and the very hairs
Upon our heads are number'd by His love?
And when dear father perish'd in the wood,
That night of snow and roaring hurricane,
She sweetly told us of the God of heaven,
And bade us cower beneath His spreading wing.
Have not our wants been hitherto supplied?
And if our mother fade away from earth,
And walk an angel mid the sweets of bliss,
And we are left alone upon the world,
Our father's God will feed and clothe His own.'

"But dear Racele's eyes still rain'd hot tears,
And throbb'd her little heart as if 'twould break,
As, looking in her sister's face, she sigh'd:
'But 't is so very, very hard to part;
To have no mother when my tears run down,
And my sad heart is wounded; all alone
To feel the stinging hand of poverty,
And plod my hungry way across the world;
To lose her look, her smile, her healing kiss,
And never more to hear her speak to me;

To leave our home, and go I know not where.
O, this is hard indeed! But I submit;
And as you say our Father up in heaven
Will feed us then, so I believe it all.
Indeed, the prayer she taught us says so much.
So I commit my future ways to Him.'
The mother's face grew paler, paler still;
And as these two, alone and comfortless,
Gazed hard upon her, suddenly her lips
Moved slow in prayer, while from the streets of gold
A glory beam'd upon her countenance,
And, like the moon behind a summer hill,
Her spirit pass'd into the land of stars.

"The day is strangely quiet; far away
Is heard the mill-wheel in the rushy vale,
And robin sings among the shining sloes.
The flowers seem praying on their mouldering stems,
Before they drop into their autumn graves.
The hedger whistles on the spacious moor;
And down the river by the changing wood
The boatman carols to the falling leaves.
Within a churchyard sloping to the sea,—
I saw it once, when moonlight kiss'd the trees,
And stars were blinking through the roof of heaven;
And O how solemn at this solemn time!
We bared our heads among the rank grass graves,
And heard the owls conversing in the tower;—
Where mounds rise thick on the uneven sward,
And the thatch'd belfry in its ivy-robes
Stands like a Druid o'er the epitaphs,
And yew-trees shadow many a silent urn,
Two orphan girls are kneeling on a grave,

O'er which a rose-tree dangles its last flower.
They both are sad, and both are shedding tears;
Below them sleep their mother and their sire,
And overhead an unseen presence floats
With fragrance in its pinions, gazing down
Upon her orphans in this world of woe.

"Behind yon hedge with furzes cover'd o'er,
Behold a weary toiler: drops of sweat
Are falling o'er his forehead, and his face
Is torn and ragged with the plough of care.
Old Time has led him till his hair is hoar,
And now he totters down the steep of Age
Into the vale of skeletons below,
Where Death sits monarch on his throne of skulls.
The sun shines hotly on him, his dry lips
And burning tongue are almost crack'd for thirst.
From morn till noon has he been hard at work,
Trimming the sod to make his winter fire,
His body bent to earth, his thoughts in heaven;
He 's looking upward through the mists of time
For the grand coming of the Blessed One,
With flaming seraph and the trump of God.
Poor happy toiler, rich in royal hopes!
Time pass'd and left the weak one weaker still.
One day, when snow was falling, he lay down
And fell asleep. High o'er the highest hill
His spirit mounted on ethereal wing.
They dug his grave among the falling snow;
And when the earth was white, they buried him,
And mid the snow his funeral rite was read.
He left no wife nor child nor living kin,
And, like a bird whose mates were gone before,

He pass'd away to meet them with a smile."

Now gazing on the West, before him pass'd
A sunset vision, beautified by prayer,
As thus his song unroll'd upon the breeze :—

"Eve changed to purple, purple were the skies,
The clouds were purple, and the distant hills,
And whispering trees, and lone heights summer-still,
The far-off lake, and flags upon its brink,
Sweet little flowers that gemm'd the banks of moss,
Rills dropping music down the mountain sides,
Sea, rock, and castle, and the soft sweet air
That fill'd the heavens, were purple, purple all.
And 'neath the purple canopy a saint
Walk'd with his Bible; as he walk'd, he pray'd;
And up to heaven was borne his earnest cry,
And rich the blessing falling on the good.

"Again he pray'd; again the high heavens oped,
And fill'd his soul with visions. He beheld
The war-god's funeral in the land of peace:
He wasted till the fiend could waste no more,
And then he died in horrors: so he lies
On smash'd artillery, shells, and broken blades,
Crack'd dagger-edges, knives and shatter'd spears,
Gore-rusted shields, and prongs with poison'd points,
Bullets, gunpowder, rifles, tomahawks;
Down deep in earth, with hills heap'd o'er his head,
And seas of blood upon him, while the heavens
Resound in thunders, 'War shall rise no more!'
And earth re-echoes, 'War shall rise no more!'
He saw the Jews all gather'd to their home,

Jerusalem re-built, and Christ their Lord.
He saw Idolatry dash'd from his throne,
Sad Antichrist and Error; and he heard
Messiah's songs thrill through the universe.
The lion fondled with the snowy lamb,
And kids and tigers play'd among the flowers,
And little children join'd them in their sports.
From hill and valley, stream and rocking sea,
Hamlet and city, the wide wilderness,
Island and rock and broadest continent,
Mine, moor, and mead, and solitary hut,
One universal song swept up to heaven:
'Jesus, Immanuel, Saviour of the world!'

"Yes, Jesus, Thou art all, and over all:
Thy love is stamp'd on all created things;
Thy glory blazes through these lower worlds;
And Thou art heaven itself, where heaven is found.
Thy power is potent o'er the rich round globe,
And where the moon and stars and sun converse.
Thou shinest like a jasper in Thy Word,
And more than Adam lost we gain in Thee.
Have we a hope-prop, plodding down life's steep?
That prop is Jesus, and that hope Thyself.
Have we a solace in the shadow-land
Over whose hills the wings of Death are spread?
That joy is Jesus, and that comfort Thou.
Have we a heaven when dust returns to dust,
A land of fadeless beauty far away,
Where waters murmur by the tree of life,
And seraphs dip their wings in lakes of love?
'T is all through Jesus; He the First and Last,
The great Beginning and the mighty End.

I strip myself of every selfish thread,
And fall a beggar at Thy blessed feet.
Hail, Jesus, Saviour, hail for evermore!"

# THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET.

## BOOK THIRD.

### ARGUMENT.

MOONLIGHT—The Prophet on the Crags—The neglected Dwelling—Its Story—The Wreck—The Maniac—The Widow—Her answered Prayer—The Poet—His two Visions—The Prophet's Hymn to God—The praying Mother—The Storm—Her quiet Influence—The Conversion of her Household—The two Worshippers—The five Miners—Their Preservation—The dying Postman—His Daughter—The healing Fountain—The two Youths—Conclusion.

NIGHT stole forth pale with moonbeams: o'er the farms
And wayside hovels, woods and hamlets lone,
Wide whispering carnes, bright rills and beaded flowers,
And ivy-pulpit grey with druid-lore,
Old hazel-hedge, still bluff, and daisy-mead,
The silver network hung, tissuing the locks
Of Silence musing in her rushy robes.
High on the white crags of his own dear hill
The Mountain Prophet stood, with hands upraised,
While flaming meteors flash'd along the sky.
Beneath the burning stars he moralized:—

"How dark yon dwelling by the quarry's mouth!
The woodbine is neglected, and the grass
Grows rank around the doorstep; crows and kites

And croaking ravens hover o'er the spot,
Or even perch upon the rifled roof;
The very air that staggers through the trees
Seems sick with moaning, and the moon looks down
Upon a picture stain'd with loneliness.
A story meets you with a tear upon 't.
Here dwelt a pair beloved by earth and Heaven;
Pious, industrious, thrifty, kind though poor.
Child after child was added to their nest,
Until four sons stood at their father's side,
And help'd him in his labours. Tidings came
That o'er the seas the river-banks were gold,
And gold was shining in the river-sands,
And glancing brightly in the torrent rifts,
And lying heavy in the great bear's den,
Or heap'd upon the summit of the hills;
That folk went there, and very soon return'd
As rich as Crœsus in his gilded court.
And so the father and his four brave boys
Sail'd for the gold-land, leaving Ruth at home.

"Years pass'd; a letter came with lines of cheer,
And words of sweetest comfort. When the Spring
Brought golden sunshine, flower and meadow-song,
She might expect them in their English home,
With gold enough to drive lean Want away.
But how unsearchable to human ken
Are thy dread ways, O God! My soul adores
And breathes enchain'd among Thy lesser works,
Nor scarcely dares attend Thy loftier march.
The iron ship rode safely o'er the waves,
Till from the deck the sire and son beheld
The castle-cliffs of England. Fancy drew

Their joyous meeting on a sheet of light,
Where tears and kisses blended, till they sat
Within their dear home, telling travellers' tales.

"Then rose the winds and sigh'd among the cords,
Then rose and sigh'd again, and heavy clouds
Assembled seaward, mounting to the stars;
The lightnings strode the welkin with blue swords,
Follow'd by moaning thunder rattling loud;
The sails cried in the rushing river-rains.
The vessel groan'd for torture, as the storm
Yell'd loud and louder, tossing the gash'd bark
Upon the breakers, where it roll'd in two,
And down went every soul into the deep.
A few were saved on spars and floating casks;
And some were kill'd, whose life-blood stain'd the waves;
And some did pray, and some did wildly scream;
Some clasp'd their hands, and sank without a word;
Until the seething waters foam'd o'er all,
And morning saw the beach with sovereigns strewn,
Large heaps of wreck, and corpses stiff and pale.
The father and his sons were seen no more.

"Ruth fainted at the tidings; a dark cloud
Pass'd o'er her being; reason reel'd and swam,
And left her a sad maniac, till she died
In the asylum on yon lonely heath."

Then gazing southward o'er the brambled wild,
Strange notes came floating from his mystic lyre:—

"In a clay cottage, on the common's edge,
There dwelt a widow with her little one,

Unknown to almost all the warring world,
Kings, nobles, heroes, wielders of the pen;
Or even those a few short miles away:
Unknown to them, but not unknown to God.
He watch'd her in her weeds of widowhood,
And cheer'd her with His presence. On a day
When rains had fallen on the weltering world,
And earth and heaven were once more free from mist,
And they three days had fasted in their hut
Without complaining, save a mouldy crust
Broken between the two, in water soak'd
And eaten with their tears; the widow drew
An old chair near the fireplace, when she kiss'd
A wasted tear-drop from her daughter's cheek,
And in a low voice whisper'd, 'Kneel, my love,
And let us ask our Father up in heaven
To send us bread, so that we perish not.'

"One eve that summer, as the sinking sun
Tinged the white faces of the hilly steeps,
And spread his gold-clouds o'er the distant heights,
Her husband sat within their cottage porch,
Reading his Bible in the holy hush,
When suddenly, without one warning step,
Death came and took him. Ere a week had pass'd,
With stealthy stride he stole away two girls,
Her brightest and her best; and she was left
With one lone floweret on life's wilderness.
And now those two are kneeling side by side,
Pleading the faithful promises of Heaven;
And up the hills, and o'er the mountain pines,
And far above the vapours of the marsh,
Beyond the clouds and blue bright firmament,

And higher than the highest crystal orb,
Up through the vales of Eden rose their prayer,
And moved Jehovah on His lofty throne.
Seraphs were bending o'er their shining seats,
And looking down upon them, while their harps
Hung for some moments on the Tree of Life.

"Who stands without that dwelling on the down,
Wrapp'd in sweet thought, with basket on his arm,
And hand upon the latch, listening with awe,
And ever and anon wiping a tear,
And lifting up his eyes toward the sky,
As if he saw an angel with his lyre?
It is a farmer from a distant field,
Who in the furrow left his ancient plough
And oxen standing still; for, as he toil'd,
A voice came to him from the depths of heaven:
'Relieve the widow on the common's side.'
And so he fill'd his basket to the brim
With bread and meat and eggs and wholesome cheese,
And came and heard them praying. Joy was there
And holy harpings in that humble home
Which emperors might envy. Thus saith God:
'Before thou callest, I will answer thee.'

"I knew a rustic poet by a brook;
He woke one morn in boyhood's golden dream,
And, while the lark was singing o'er the mist,
God placed the lyre within his trembling hands.
It was a priceless treasure: day and night,
In cloud and sunshine, here was joy for him.
When sorrow smote, or cruel Death bereaved,
The Muse brought comfort to his stricken heart.

But though his soul was as some precious thing,
Dwelling apart among the works of God,
And shining like a diamond in its cell,
So very humble were his ways and words
That men pass'd by him as a common thing,
Nor heeded they his mission. Like a well
That bubbles up among the village huts,
And glides into the meadows unperceived,
Refreshing fern and floweret on its way,
And adding greenness to the thing that 's green,
And beauty to the already beautiful;
So pass'd the poet through this weary world.
I met him yester-eve among the rocks:
I knew him by his striking breadth of brow;
And, pausing where the banks were gay with flowers,
He look'd towards the setting sun, and said,
'I have two visions with me evermore:
One is an aged matron, kind and good;
The Bible her chief comfort, heaven her home.
She dwells upon the borders of a croft,
In a low hovel fronting the grey morn.
This is my loving mother. Hid with firs,
Within a valley water'd by a rill,
A lonely chapel stands in Gothic garb
And dim seclusion, holy as a saint:
Before it a small grave-yard always green,
Save when a new tomb 's open'd; and a mound
Beneath a young elm, where the daisies grow,
Is ever with me—'t is my daughter's grave.
She faded quickly, home's all-cheering flower,
Even while I gazed upon her loveliness.
Then heaven's bright portals let her in to God.'
And down the ravine stole the pensive bard.

"In moonlight mantles these hoar rocks stand up,
And woo me to their cloisters. I have learnt
In whatsoever state to be content.
This Thou has taught me, Father. I feel not
The least desire to leave my heathy heights.
This mountain is my world, these crags my throne,
And glancing fairies are my retinue;
The night-bird is my poet, and the rill
My sweet musician trickling down the rocks;
Wing'd spirits, bearing harps, my ministers;
And God my audience, looking down from heaven.
O hear me while I lift my heart to Thee!
I thank Thee for Thy guidance: Thou art Love;
Thy name is sweeter than the breath of flowers;
Thy heart is full of holy tenderness.
Hast Thou not promised to uphold the weak,
To be the prop of age, and in the stream
Of death itself to cheer the trusting saint?
I hang upon Thy mercy, and believe
The gates of glory will be oped for me.

"O what a strong tower has Thy presence been
In days of darkness and in nights of woe!
When the grim tempter, as a lion roused,
Rampant and huge, alarms the quaking wood,
And rushes raving through the tangled brake,
With red fire flaming from his rolling eyes,
Lashing his great sides with his shaggy tail,
And shaking dew-drops from his monster mane;
So rush'd the devil down upon a worm.
But Thou didst save me in that perilous hour,
And drive the monster back into his smoke.
And Thou wilt save me to Thyself at last,

And clothe me with a fair immortal vest,
Safe in the jasper home of the redeem'd.

" Enter yon room, and mark that praying one:
No voice to hers responded. Through the heavens
The black clouds wander'd weeping evermore,
With thunder on their fronts and wings of flame.
Dark were the moon and stars, the frantic winds
Rush'd down the mountains like a sea of waves,
So that the grateful cottar in his home
Thought of the sailor through a shining tear,
Half-oped his door, and murmur'd, ' What a storm ! '
High in her chamber, all alone with Heaven,
As she was wont, a pious mother prays
That God would bless her and her household train
With grace to bear the chastenings of His hand,
And lead them all to Christ the loving One:
And peace hung brooding o'er her brighten'd soul.
That day Disaster like a sheeted ghost
Stole through her dwelling, scaring each in turn.
The boys shrank from the spectre, some to play,
And some to riot with companions rude,
And some to revel in the glow of wine,
Which only makes the sad one sadder still;
The maids to dress and parties, she to God:
They to return with anguish more intense;
She, bright with radiance from the' eternal throne.

" Hers was an influence quiet as the dews
That drop at nightfall on the golden flower,
To cheer it opening in the light of morn;
And day by day thus secretly she shed
A holy halo over all her house,

Till by the Spirit love fill'd up the place.
For one cold winter's eve, beside the fire,
Her six brave sons, to ruddy manhood grown,
Were sitting musing on the chequer'd past,
When down upon them fell the breath of heaven,
And one by one pray'd silently and still;
And one by one determined for the Lord;
And one by one confessed the second birth,
And pass'd from darkness into Zion's light;
Till all embraced the promised Comforter,
Rejoiced in hope, and praised the Trinity.
How grand the gracious scheme to save mankind,
Wrought in the halls of old eternity,
And perfected on Calvary's rocky crest!
The living doctrines of the Saviour hang
Like golden sunbeams round the icy north,
And span the summits of the spicy south;
And soon their light shall fill the gladden'd globe.

"Time travell'd on with much of care and change;
Her children had departed; some at sea,
And some on land, and some were in their graves;
All, save a darling daughter, like a bud
Left by the March blast on a stricken spray.
And so she loved her with life's latest love,
That linger'd in her bosom like a brand.
Go to the chapel by the ancient bridge,
When Sabbath songs are carol'd by the choir:
They both sit down together side by side,
That widow'd mother, and her darling dove,
With tearful eyes fix'd on the Minister.

"No day without its mercies:. how they throng

The gates of morning and the doors of eve,
Blessing each hour and moment of our lives,
And teeming round our path, a loving host!
I knew five men who labour'd in a mine,
Five in one party in a cave of tin,
And o'er them hung huge rocks as if by hairs,
Nodding to fall; and yet they knew it not.
These five were teachers in a Sabbath school:
And one bright summer noon they were regaled,
Children and teachers, clean and fairly clad,
With tea and cake, in a wide field of flowers.
These five were present; their dark cell below
Was empty then; and at that time there fell
Some tons of flint upon the very spot
Where they were standing just twelve hours before,
And where no doubt they had been standing then,
To be all marr'd and mangled, crush'd to death,
Had not the Lord in His compassion drawn
Their hearts to serve Him in His blessed work."

Just then the post came rushing up the hill;
And as the horn rang through the village trees,
A pensive picture pass'd upon the page:—

"Soft eve was still with beauty; flowers slept sweet
On beds of down; and birds that loved the brake
Sang not, save here and there a pensive note
Pass'd with the dying daylight. On his bed
Within a cottage, by the elfin elm,
The postman lay a dying: wiping off
The perspiration from his burning brow,
He gazed upon his little girl, and said,
'Run, Anna, to the fountain in the dell,

That bubbles up among the shining moss,
And bring some water to your sinking sire,
Clear, bright, and beautiful, that I may drink
And be refresh'd once more before I die.'
So, taking a clean cup, the little girl
Ran to the well, and soon was back again
In that lone chamber, when the dying man
Kiss'd her pale face, drank heartily, and said,—

" 'May Heaven reward thee child when I am gone,
And be thy friend and father. This cool draught
Is sweet indeed; but sweeter far within
I feel the waters of the Well of Life
Flowing through all my frame. When I was young,
I sought this Fount, and it was sweet indeed.
Ten thousand times since then I 've come to drink,
And it has always cheer'd me; but its streams
Have ne'er refresh'd me as they do to-day.
This healing fount is never, never dry.
'T is Christ, my darling, in the trusting soul.
Don't drink from muddy rills, that brawl and leap
Down Ebal's sides, where Ignorance resides,
Crouch'd in his house of shadows; but away
To life's pure stream, and drink, and thirst no more.
Farewell, my love: the white-robed choir is come,
And hymnings not of earth float on my ear.
I soon shall be where thirst is never known.'

" Then at the bed-side knelt she in the hush
Of that dim chamber, praying to her God,
While Death with soft feet stole in to her sire.
Again she wiped her eyes, and pray'd again;
And as the postman's horn rang o'er the reeds,

Her father's spirit floated up to heaven.

"Two youths I well remember: gentle, one,
And kind and loving, striving to obey
The laws of God and man: the other, fierce
And cruel as a serpent, swearing loud
And plotting mischief on his midnight bed.
And once they met together in a town
Where the meek youth had business, and he strove
To turn him to the harlot's guilty shed,
And stain his soul with sulphur: but he flew
Far from its shadow, and knelt down to pray.
God heard his prayer, and fill'd his mind with peace;
And he went on his way with praise and song.
The other staid behind him till dark night
Look'd down upon him sinning, and the stars
Blush'd as they sank behind the hills of morn.
A few short years of infamy and crime
Pass'd o'er him, and upon a foreign land
He died alone within the wilderness,
Without a friend to lift his sinking head,
Or breathe the name of Jesus to his ear:
And now the wild beasts howl upon his grave.
The other lives, a loved and honour'd man,
Striving to labour for his Lord and Christ,
His back upon the world, his face to heaven.

"How the bright stars, conversing as they shine,
Invite my gaze among them! Eyes of love,
They smile upon me in my hill of rock,
And bid me think of summer homes on high,
Where wife and husband, child and parent meet,
To part no more for ever. Bless the Lord!

While I have breath, I 'll bless and praise the Lord.
The song dies on my lips, but when at last
This clog of clay is shook off in the grave,
And my freed spirit walks with the redeem'd,
How will I sing and bless and praise the Lord!
Praise, praise the Lord! O bless and praise the Lord!"

So, taking up his staff, he pass'd away
Among the moonlight shadows, with his face
Bright as an angel's.

# THE MINE.

# THE MINE.

## INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS the reader should be reminded that the following poem alludes especially to the rise and progress of a *Cornish* mine, as it was many years ago. The writer is conscious that many of the minuter processes of mining, both above ground and below, may appear carelessly passed over by him; but he thinks that a full description of these belongs to the pen of the historian, and not of the poet. For an explanation of some of the mining phraseology used in the poem, he refers the reader to the glossary at the end of the second part.

# THE MINE.

## PART I.

### ARGUMENT.

A MINE-pit in the Moor—The middle-aged, heroic, broken-spirited Digger—Picture of his Home—His Wife—Her Dream—Her real Cornish Heroism—The Dowzer—The fiery Flying Dragon—Hangman Oak—Sudden turn of the Dowzing-rod—The Dowzer's Oration and Exit—Evening—The Damsel among the Reeds—Her Song of Sorrows—Henry's Promise—His successful Labours abroad—Departure for Cornwall with Trifles for absent Friends—The Tinner's simple Breakfast—His enkindled Hopes—Prayer—Shaft—Discovery of Tin—Invention of the Stamps—Growing Success—Maggie's Joy—Invention of the Whim—James Watt discovering the Power of Steam—Extension of the Mine—The Steam-Engine—Rushes used in Blasting—The Introduction of Quills for that Purpose—Picture of a Working-place underground—A pious Miner and his Son.

HOME from his pit among the reeds and flags,
Where he had dug for months, and dug in vain,
The pale man came to dinner. Lost in thought,
Upon a bench, at the low table's end,
He ate his barley pasty *minus* meat,
Stuff'd with potatoes and enough of salt.
His lean dog watch'd him by the three-legg'd stool,
And in a cage beside his lattice small
An old thrush chatter'd with a marvellous glee.
His wife, her face upon her wasted hands,
Sat in the chimney by the red peat fire,

Watching the smoke ascend the smutty stack,
And lost meanwhile in wondrous reverie.
Laying his knife upon the wooden plate,
He broke the silence with a heavy sigh:—

"'T is no use, Maggie, digging any more.
I 've ventured till we 've only one goat left,
The weakest of the flock: the kids are gone,
And all the sheep and lambs have long been sold:
The cows have vanish'd from the untill'd fields,
And all the horses have been driven away,
Save that poor pony, lean, you see, and long:
The pigs and poultry feed in other yards,
And every sack of corn has left the barn.
I sold the straw last night to farmer Jones,
And neighbour Lambrick bought the rick of hay.
Not a potato in the outhouse lies:
The furze is taken from the under croft,
And all the turf is carried from Beck's carne.
My bran-best hat and breeches waterproof,
My buckled boots, my best, my yellow-topp'd,
Bridle and saddle, and my darling cane,
With silver head and silver studded o'er,
I bought when we were married,—all are gone,
And I am left alone, a ruin'd man.
Dame, look around you: where the chest of drawers?
Where all the pewter? where the copper pans?
Where the old china, rich indeed for age,
The bright tin teapots, and the oaken chairs?
Gone! and the crack'd panes echo, 'Gone!'
I 've work'd until my bones are almost bare,
And Hope has shrieking left me; and, to fill
This dark-hued cup to overflowing quite,

Our only boy could bear distress no more,
And so last night he left us for the seas.
O God, have mercy on us and the lad!"

The poor man groan'd and shook his streaming locks.
Resting his back against the cupboard door,
He fix'd his eyes upon an empty shelf.
Then Maggie's full heart pour'd its treasures forth.
She told of many men of humble birth
Who persevered in duty's upward path,
And won estates, rich fortunes, and a name.
"Last night," she said, "I dreamt 't was summer-time,
And we were walking by a limpid lake,
Whose face was crystal as the mirror'd heavens,
And overhead the tall trees shadow'd us,
And shook their leaves with gladness. We sat down,
And listen'd to the birds, and mark'd the kine
Feeding upon the lawn, while round us lay
Orchards of fruit and fields of waving corn;
And all was ours, and all the gift of Heaven.
But I awoke, and, lo, it was a dream."
And then she bade him not to be dismay'd,
But trust in God, who made the mighty hills,
And placed the minerals in their hidden cells;
That nothing came of him who ceased to act,
And wept at every steep he had to climb.
The navigator, hoping against hope,
Still steer'd his vessel over darksome seas,
Until new lands were added to his chart.
The general led his armies on and on,
Through days and nights of fever and fatigue,
Until the city sank beneath his tread.
So he should never give despair a place,

But go and try again another week.—
That week brought fortune in a mine of wealth.

It happen'd thus. Down from a distant carne
An old man came, with wisdom in his face;
Mean his attire, and homely was his speech,
But warm his heart that beat beneath a frieze;
And calling at the tinner's rustic door
The following morn, he gently knock'd, and said,
"Cheer up, faint heart: I 'm come to give thee aid."
And forth upon the moor of pits they went,
Conversing by the way of lodes and veins.
Meanwhile a cloud went marching up the sky,
And blacker grew and blacker, mounting higher,
Until it reel'd and stagger'd o'er their heads,
And sent forth streams of fire that roll'd along
The rocky valley like a flaming beast.
The two men gazed, and cloud and fire were gone.
Then much they chatted in the light of morn.

Spoke the old man with warm heart wrapp'd in frieze,
"This is the dragon of the mineral vault:
He 's out but rarely, and his presence shows
A mine of riches wheresoe'er he rolls.
His track was down the sheep-path by the oak,
Where hung for months the miser suicide.
Strange sounds wail through the branches in dark night,
Or when the winds are high or breezes low.
Howbeit, near the oak the dragon roll'd,
Close by the pit where you were digging last,
Sad and discouraged. But this augurs well
For you, my neighbour: and we 'll try once more
What virtue 's in the famous dowzing-rod."

So from a white thorn, with his large clasp-knife,
The old man cut a twig formed like a V,
And, holding it in both his oozy hands
Point uppermost, he paced along the vale
From north to south, till, near the hangman-oak,
The point turn'd downwards with a sudden twitch,
And rays of joy shot from the old man's eyes.
Then back he went, and forth he came again,
Holding the rod in both his oozy hands,
And down it went over the same mark'd spot.
So he was satisfied, and said, "Sink here:
There is a mineral-chamber underneath
Will well repay you for your little loss.
Behind yon mount o'er which the sun has climb'd
They saw a fire like this: I used the rod,
And where it turn'd, two labourers sank a pit,
Who now have coaches, titles, and estates.
I 'll wager, sinking here, you 'll have a mine."
And o'er the hills the dowzer pass'd away.

The vale is silent, silent are the trees,
And still the waters of the sleeping lake:
The lark's last note has floated up to heaven,
And down the stream the merry boatman glides,
And louder sings as drawing nearer home.
The smoke is curling upwards o'er the pines,
And merry voices ring among the flowers,
As Eve reposes on a primrose bank.
Amid the reeds a gentle damsel sighs
Like harper in the thicket, and the wren
Puts out his ear among the springing ferns,
To listen to the sorrows of the maid.

" He 's gone, he 's gone, my loving Henry 's gone: .....
To-day we parted by the village gate,
What time the sun had reach'd his highest noon.
He shook my hand, and tears came in his eyes;
And seeing his, mine own were dim with rain;
And when he told me he should sail away
Across the ocean to a land of heat,
And seek his fortune in a grot of gold,
Because his father with a hero's heart
Lost all his little digging for a mine,
My heart seem'd bursting in me, and I thought
I should have sunk upon the flinty ground.

" 'Dont weep,' he murmur'd; 'when a few short years
Have pass'd like visions, Henry will return,
When the church bells shall ring our wedding chime,
And we be one and happy. Far away,
Alone with strangers and a selfish world,
Thine image shall be with me, going out
And coming in, and sitting by my chair,
And mirror'd on the universe of light.
I 'll wear thee vision'd on my heart of hearts;
And when the daylight dies among the hills,
And Eve steals onward with her urn of dews,
I 'll think I see thee by thy cottage door,
And hear thy song float o'er the listening trees,
And feel thou prayest for thy Henry gone.'
He kiss'd my hand, and soon was out of sight."

In a rude land he labour'd with success,
Till one bright morn beneath an ancient tree
A group of men are standing. Some have rings,
And some have purses, little boxes some;

And some have letters cramm'd with lines of love;
And some have bits of gold, and some have coin;
And some have strings of pearl, and some have shells;
And some have portraits of their household flowers,
Loved, happy faces, group'd in miniature;
And some have books, and some have curls of hair,
And ribbons some, and some have metal pens,
And some have landscapes lengthen'd on a leaf,
And some have little poems wet with tears.
All eyes are bent upon a fair young man,
With staff in hand and bundle on his back,
And face towards his home in Cornish-land;
And these are trifles for their distant friends,
Child, mother, wife, and lover: so he placed
Each tiny treasure in his travelling-bag,
Shook hands with all, and hasten'd on his way.

Return we to the tinner of the moor.
Soon as the dowzer left him, he went home,
And made his breakfast off a crust of bread
With salt and water on the great hearth warm'd;
And then he took his pickaxe, pipe, and spade,
And ancient canteen swinging in his hand,
And down the sheep-path once more travell'd he
Into the place of pits, a hopeful man.
Laying aside his outer vest, his eyes
Instinctively turn'd upwards, and he sigh'd,
"O Father, if it be Thy holy will,
Prosper the labour of Thy servant's hands.
The gold is Thine, the tin and copper Thine:
Direct me where to labour with success.
However, not my will, but Thine be done."
And down into the earth the pickaxe went,

As if a giant dash'd it in the ground.

Down went his shaft through various strata-crusts,
Thick layer after layer, till he came
Upon a hope-reviving bed of blue.
He brought up samples with a gladden'd heart,
And wash'd them in the rill among the reeds,
And they produced some grains of real tin.
Next day a boy came with him, and they placed
A windlass on the shaft, and wound the stuff
Up in a goatskin fashion'd like a bag.
Each day the lode grew richer, and more tin
Was lying on the surface. Then he made
A wooden wheel, and placed it in the moor,
And on some stakes of oak put iron heads,
To stamp the rough stones into powder fine.
Then o'er the wheel he turn'd the limpid stream,
And round it went; up rose the heavy heads,
And falling bruised the stones to mineral sand.
So cleaning it, the old man's pony bore
The treasure to the far-off smelting-house;
And he return'd with twenty pounds or more.
And as it chimed within his mole-skin purse,
How Maggie's bright eyes twinkled with delight!
That eve a grateful prayer rose up to heaven.

Then weeks and months and seasons pass'd away,
And tin was wound up in the goatskin bag,
And clean'd, and carried to the smelting-house;
And he return'd with guineas in his purse;
Till one still eve he sat upon his bench
Much pondering. Leaping quickly up, he said,
"I have a whim now whirling in my pate:

I 'll work it out to-morrow." When day dawn'd,
And to the covert slunk the full-fed fox,
He cut down wood and nail'd it like a cage
With horizontal slabs and slabs oblique,
And through the centre a rough forest tree
Placed for an axle, and from out its side
Ran two arms like a giant's. Near the shaft
He set it up, and round it twined a rope,
Brought o'er a pulley by the tin-pit's mouth ;
And to the rope a wooden barrel swung,
Made by a cooper in his village shop.
He harness'd pony to the great wood arm,
And round and round and round again it went,
Pulling the barrel up and down the shaft,
Till heaps of tin upon the surface lay,
And Fortune fill'd his mole-skin purse with gold.
And seasons came and pass'd, and came again ;
Rains fell, and sunshine kiss'd the gladden'd earth ;
The crops grew up and fell before the scythe ;
Men woo'd and married, feasted, fail'd, and died.
Levels were driven, and other shafts were sunk ;
An adit from a valley drain'd the mine ;
Great heaps of tin upon the surface lay,
And still went round the whim and waterwheel.

There dwelt among the hills a thoughtful boy,
Whose mother was the model of her sex ;
And he was very forward for his years,
Fond of good books and study. Other lads
Seem'd only happy when engaged in play ;
He when with God and nature. On a time,
As he sat musing by his cottage-grate,
The boiling kettle hiss'd upon the hearth,

And so he stopp'd the steam and stirr'd the fire,
His mother looking on with chiding eyes,—
Until the power confined thrust out itself,
And burst the kettle in its rage for fame.
This led the student on to higher things,
From steep to dizzy steep, until at last
He made the great steam-engine, when the world
Received a boon to bless it evermore.
And so Watt's name is carved among the great,
And chimed in song, and deck'd with summer flowers.

Meanwhile the mine extended and grew rich,
And every month the workmen multiplied;
The water gush'd from countless cracks unseen,
Ran down the levels' sides, and bubbled up
Within the adit, keeping the bold men
From sinking far beneath it, till the wheel
Was laid aside, and in its place arose
A small steam-engine newly wonderful;
And wonderful the ease with which it wrought,
Draining the mine as strangely as a spell.
After the shaft was sixty feet in depth,
Ends were extended eastward, westward far;
Then winzes sunk for air from level to level;
And so it ever was and ever is.
And as they sunk from rugged stair to stair,
The troubled entrails of the rifled world
Changed hard as marble. Drills were introduced,
And mallets rang where picks had clink'd before.
Then holes were blasted in a dangerous way,
By rushes thrust into the powder-charge
Through a small hole made by a copper wire,
Igniting it as sudden as a thought;

Ere the poor wretch could say one word of prayer,
Destroying limbs and often life itself.
Then quills were used. Still very dangerous they
And more expensive. Turn we from the fields,
And ladder after ladder quick descend,
Until we reach a labourer's working-place.
It is the hour of morning: on a plank
A father and his elder son sit down,
A boy with fourteen Aprils on his face,
With thought of home and brothers in his mind,
And sunny slopes and lawns of laughing flowers,
Denied him here, denied the lad so soon.
A flask of water dangles to a nail,
And here a can of powder; candles there,
A pair of scissors, and a bunch of quills.
Their dinners lie beside them, and beyond
Are drills and hammers and long iron bars.
Ere they begin to labour, child and sire
Kneel down among the rocks, and that dark cave
Is visited by angels, whose bright wings
Float through the darkness to the voice of prayer.
Aloud the father intercedes with Heaven
For blessings on the labour of their hands,
And blessings on his darling ones at home,
That He would spare them, if it were His will,
To meet at eve around the supper board.
But if they fell and died among the rocks,
He pray'd that they might dwell in heaven, and sit
Down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.
And then he wrestled for his comrade-boy;
And in his earnestness he seem'd to grasp
The arm of the Most High, and so prevail'd
That heaven kiss'd earth and dropp'd into the mine.

Could you have peer'd into that youngling's face,
Hidden in both his hands, you would have seen
Great shining tear-drops roll down on the stones.
That boy grew up to bear the cross of Christ.

# THE MINE.

## PART II.

### ARGUMENT.

DISCOVERY of a Copper Lode—Its various Colours—The unknown Localities of Copper and Tin—Invention of the Fuse—Its Safety and Economy—Character of Cornish Miners—Remarkable for Piety and domestic Affections—A Prayer-Meeting in a Level underground—Old Timmy the Mule-Driver—His numerous shaggy Tribe—His unbroken Career—Surprise at the Railway—Death and Sleeping-place—The Youth's Return—The haunted Manor-House—Meeting his Parents—The Prayer of Thanksgiving—Picture of a modern Mine—Engine—Fire-Whim—Crusher—Man-Engine—Fire-Stamps—Trunks—Mineral Chamber—Tin Cell—Ends—Winzes—Stopes—Rises—Pitches—Cross-course—A mining Youth killed in his Labour—The persevering Tributer—His Success—The Meeting of the Lovers—Chime of the Village Bells—Marriage—Happy Home—Conclusion.

YEARS stole away; the rich mine richer grew;
Another lode was added richer still:
It strangely shot out in the engine-shaft,
And so he hail'd it as a friend with gems,
Who came to pour the treasures in his lap.
It was a vein of copper bright as brass,
Which soon became the theme at every hearth.
Copper has colours different in the ores,
As various as the rainbow,—black and blue
And green and red and yellow as a flower;

Gold-coloured here, there dimly visible,
Though rich the same in measure and in meed.
'T is found alike where glittering granite gloams,
Where killas darkens, and where gossans shroud,
And oft where wise ones write it cannot be,—
Thus wisely scatter'd by the Hand Divine.
Tin is more secret far, with duller eye
Oft hiding in the river's shingly bed,
Or the flint's bosom, near the central fires,
In chambers wide, or veins like silken lace;
So that the labourer, stumbling on a start,
Wipes his hot brow, and cries, "Lo, here is tin."

Then on the miner dawn'd a brighter day,
A day to be remember'd, when the fuse
Was first invented by ingenious minds,—
A miracle for safety and for price.
How many lives has it been blest to save
And families from mourning! Ages hence
Our wise posterity will hail its birth,
A bright star in the dim sky of the past,
And clothe the inventors' honour'd busts with fame.

The slime of earth is only on the skin;
That of the serpent stains into the soul.
The Cornish miner, pale and sulphur-streak'd,
Basks in the brightness of the eternal Sun,
And muses through the halls of intellect
As largely as the man of wealth and power,
And walks as blest with calm-eyed Piety.
Behold him in his honeysuckled cot,
Kissing his children in the day's young prime,
Even while they lie sweet-smiling in their dreams;

Then hasting forth with prayer upon his lips
To tug with Danger in his darksome den
Beneath the hills' foundations. Noon arrives,
And in a level far below the light,
With flint on either hand, a band of men,
From different chambers of the mighty cave,
Frieze on their loins and slime upon their limbs,
Sing, pray, and praise the Lord, and fruit Divine
Is gather'd by them from the banks of bliss.

Old Timmy was the driver of the mules,
And he kept sixty shaggy skinny things,
Fed upon grass and very little grain;
And with his mules he visited the mine,
A tramping troop, to carry off the ores
In little bags upon their bony backs,
Two upon each, up hill and down deep dale,
To the sea-port where it was shipp'd away
Across the waves, and fused to metal slabs.
And years pass'd by, and still he drove his mules
Through cloud and sunshine, storm and pleasing calm,
Summer and winter, smoking as he went,
Or whistling tunes and cracking his short whip,
Telling strange tales to singing birds and flowers,
Familiar with each hedge, and crooked turn,
And ragged rut from long lane's end to end,
Till he grew grey as the grey herd he drove:
Then, as the ores increased, the farmers came,
With waggons wide and woeful, and lean steeds,
Which panted o'er the highways rough and rude,
With perspiration dropping off like rain,—
A sight to sadden every sorrowing heart.
But one spring morn, awaking from his dreams,

He heard the steam-horse rushing o'er the rails,
Bearing more ores behind it than his troop
Could carry in a fortnight. So he turn'd
His old friends on the common, where they fail'd,
And failing fail'd, till they could fail no more,
And Winter slew them with his sword of frost.
He could not weep, for all his tears were gone;
And in his reedy lodge a heavy sigh
Let out his ghost into the land unseen.
His grave is by the chancel of the church;
And on it many years a grave-board stood;
But time has blotted out the epitaph,
And left him sleeping in a nameless shroud.

A travelling youth hastes down the village lane
All fever'd with excitement. By the well
He meets a matron with her jar and jug;
And as she dips them in the crystal fount,
He asks her, pointing with his hazel staff,
"Who lives across the coppice in yon house
They say was haunted many years ago?
Though for my part I can't believe a ghost
Would quit the bowers of angels for this place,
To dwell with rats and cobwebs. Fie on it!
I've heard my father say how oft strange lights
Would flare along the damp rooms windowless,
And solemn dirges at still midnight rose,
And songs were heard when nought but winds were there:
And so the people said the manor-house
Was haunted with the strangest, wildest things.
Old women's fancies! why, I've walked o'er graves,
And fields of dead, and mounds of rotting bones,
When stars were blinking in the deeps of heaven;

And I have often pray'd to see a ghost,
If ghosts are palpable to mortal ken;
But not a phantom raised his shadowy arm.
When last I saw this dwelling, years ago,
'T was weeping in its ruins: now it looks
The abode of plenty, where red faces meet.
Pray, can you tell me who the owner is?"
And when she told him that its present lord
Was once the tinner living on the moor,
Who ventured till the mice forsook his shelf
And leanness seized upon him, he exclaim'd,
"O change of changes! 't is my father's home."

Full soon he cross'd the greenwood, praising much
The grand old trees that seem'd to welcome him
To linger in their cloisters. Then he stood
Within the ivy archway, lost in thought.
And now his hands are playing with the vine
About the porch; and now he knocks the door,
And soon is weeping in his mother's arms.
Then father comes, but how unlike the man
He left half-starved within his frigid hut,
Still struggling, striving, hoping against hope!
A portly person now with manly air,
And much that 's pleasant peering from his eye.
Then tales were told and loving questions ask'd,
And lengthy queries answer'd, till the moon
Slid into midnight with her suite of stars,
And prayer uprose among the listening trees.
Then he lay down to dream of other days,
And one bright vision flitted though his brain.

Next morn his father took him on a hill

Within his own estate, where cattle grazed
And finest sheep were feeding. Far below,
Upon the very spot the dragon roll'd
Where the bold honest tinner lost and won,
A mine spread out its vast machinery.
Here engines, with their huts and smoky stacks,
Cranks, wheels, and rods, boilers and hissing steam,
Press'd up the water from the depths below.
Here fire-whims ran till almost out of breath,
And chains cried sharply, strain'd with fiery force.
Here blacksmiths hammer'd by the sooty forge,
And there a crusher crash'd the copper ore.
Here girls were cobbing under roofs of straw,
And there were giggers at the oaken hutch.
Here a man-engine glided up and down,
A blessing and a boon to mining men:
And near the spot where, many years before,
Turn'd round and round the rude old water-wheel,
A huge fire-stamps was working evermore,
And slimy boys were swarming at the trunks.
The noisy lander by the trap-door bawl'd
With pincers in his hand; and troops of maids
With heavy hammers brake the mineral stones.
The cart-man cried, and shook his broken whip;
And on the steps of the account-house stood
The active agent, with his eye on all.

Below were caverns grim with greedy gloom,
And levels drunk with darkness; chambers huge
Where Fear sat silent, and the mineral-sprite
For ever chanted his bewitching song;
Shafts deep and dreadful, looking darkest things
And seeming almost running down to doom;

Rock under foot, rock standing on each side;
Rock cold and gloomy, frowning overhead;
Before, behind, at every angle, rock.
Here blazed a vein of precious copper ore,
Where lean men labour'd with a zeal for fame,
With face and hands and vesture black as night,
And down their sides the perspiration ran
In steaming eddies, sickening to behold.
But they complain'd not, digging day and night,
And morn and eve, with lays upon their lips.
Here yawn'd a tin-cell like a cliff of crags,
And Danger lurk'd among the groaning rocks,
And ofttimes moan'd in darkness. All the air
Was black with sulphur, burning up the blood.
A nameless mystery seem'd to fill the void,
And wings all pitchy flapp'd among the flints,
And eyes that saw not sparkled mid the spars.
Yet here men work'd, on stages hung in ropes,
With drills and hammers blasting the rude earth,
Which fell with such a crash that he who heard
Cried, "Jesu, save the miner!" Here were ends
Cut through hard marble by the miners' skill,
And winzes, stopes, and rises: pitches here,
Where work'd the heroic, princely tributer,
This month for nothing, next for fifty pounds.
Here lodes ran wide, and there so very small
That scarce a pick-point could be press'd between;
Here making walls as smooth as polish'd steel,
And there as craggy as a rended hill:
And out of sparry vagues the water oozed,
Staining the rock with mineral, so that oft
It led the labourer to a house of gems.
Across the mine a hollow cross-course ran

From north to south, an omen of much good;
And tin lay heap'd on stulls and level-plots;
And in each nook a tallow taper flared,
Where pale men wasted with exhaustion huge.
Here holes exploded, and there mallets rang,
And rocks fell crashing, lifting the stiff hair
From time-worn brows, and noisy buckets roar'd
In echoing shafts; and through this gulf of gloom
A hollow murmur rush'd for evermore.

And then the father and his wondering boy
Cross'd the rude moors, conversing as they went,
When the youth learnt his father sold the mine
For thousands upon thousands, keeping still
Large shares of profit for himself and son.
And as they linger'd by a broken stile,
Watching a flock of rooks wheel o'er the wood,
And breathing odours from the banks of flowers,
A group of mining men came down the lane,
With footsteps fleet, and very sad of face,
Bearing a burden on some unplaned boards
Nail'd carelessly together. 'T was a youth
Who left his mother on the lonely wild
At dead of night, to dig within the mine.
He was her only son; the rest were drown'd,
And so this boy became her sole support.
And rumour ran he courted a fair maid,
Whose fame was like a rose-bud, and next moon
They would be married in the village church.
But Providence had order'd otherwise;
For while he labour'd, tamping up a hole
In a hard cross-cut, ninety fathoms down,
It crash'd around him, killing him outright;

And so his mangled form, lash'd to a spar,
Was drawn up through the shaft, and borne along
By his sad comrades to his mother's hut;
And fleetly pass'd they over hill and dale,
Till lost among the rising mists of morn.

There was a miner living by a rock
They call'd "The Giant's Marble:" with him dwelt
His wife and six young children, and he strove
By dint of labour with his head and hands,
Early and late, above ground and below,
Both in his little farm and in his pitch,
With manly courage wondrous and sublime,—
More of the hero than the man of spears,—
To feed the flock the Shepherd of the world
Placed in his fold upon the brambled plain.
But months pass'd by, and he no mineral found
Within the rock he blasted: pay-days came,
But not for him; and on his famish'd cheek
Despair had almost stamp'd his frightful name.
Late one long eve the weary tributer
Was digging in the darkness, when he found
A prill of copper larger than his fist,
Which led the labourer to a course of ore;
And ere three weeks had pass'd, the worthy man
Had gain'd enough to cheer his drooping wife,
To pay his debts, and buy his pretty farm.

A cottage girl is wandering by a brook,
Gathering wild flowers, and singing, "From the isles
My love is coming with his heart for me.
His letters have been sweet with tenderest lore,
And musical with gladness. Since he left,

His sire one morn awoke in rifled rags;
And ere the sun went down behind the waves,
He was a rich man, courted and caress'd.
And will success estrange my only love,
And lure him to some less devoted maid?
Away with such a thought! it cannot be;
And so I 'll pluck these flowers to bind his brow,
And kiss them as they smile baptized with dews.
He loves the primrose: thus, ye cherubs, come,
And let me pull you for an offering sweet."
And as she drew them from their homes of moss,
Pressing them gently in her little hand,
A fair young man came tripping down the banks,
With summer sunshine glowing in his face.
It was her Henry, and full soon their tears
And sighs and kisses mingle as they flow.

" Why do the bells ring out such merry chimes?"
An aged dame ask'd, pausing on the road
To meet her daughter from the market town
With basket huge and heavy. " All this morn
A sea of echoes has been rolling round,
So that the rooks have scarcely had a note
To offer to the sunshine; peal on peal
Has travell'd through the valleys, and the hills
Have almost thrust their ragged caps aside.
I 've seen the horses prick their pointed ears,
And pause amid the clover; and the dogs
Have bark'd and danced, not knowing what they did.
Boys clap their hands, and maidens sing for glee,
And matrons, arms a-kimbo o'er the fence,
Converse and smile, and kiss their wondering bairns.
Why, every tree now shining in the sun

Seems wagging with a bell upon each branch.
I never heard such stunning peals before;
No, not when our good squire and lady fair
In bridal robes walk'd to the dear old church.
Do tell me, daughter, why the bells ring so."

"It is a marriage, mother. The rich man
Who lives in yon high house across the gorge,
Environ'd with a wood of English oak,
Who drew his riches from a mining pit
When almost dead with fasting, this still morn
Has seen his son united to a girl
As beautiful as summer, whom he loved
When Want stood shivering in his father's home
With Famine on the doorstep. Far away
The young man labour'd, prosper'd, and return'd
To find his father rich in friends and fame,
Himself a partner in his hard-earn'd gains.
But richer to his eye the cottage girl,
Who sang among the green fields like a bird,
Than heaps of diamonds piled up to the moon,
Or farms, or friends, or any other thing:
For he was true, and love to him was heaven.
So they are married, mother, and the bells
Ring that the grand old steeple seems to nod.
And let them peal still louder, louder still:
A pair more worthy never were made one,
Since Adam Eve took from the hands of God."

See'st thou that mansion on the woody slope,
Where trees stoop down and kiss the river-waves,
Or whisper on its marge; and graceful sails
Glide up and down, and sea-birds float and dive?

Along the shrubbery walk a lady comes
Leading her children by the evergreens,—
Two boys, with brows like bards and eyes like space;
And one bright girl, with April on her cheeks.
Grey deer are leaping round them, snowy swans
Steer over silent lakes, and cooing doves
Drop from tall trees to drink at glassy falls,
Whilst in the noble dwelling Wealth sits down
Dangling his shining keys with wagging sides.
This hall is Henry's, his that lady fair,
And his those children beautiful as morn.
Such has old Cornwall lifted from her mines,
The God of Providence directing them,
And placed among the worshipp'd of the world.
And thousands yet to come will bless the hour
That drew them forth to drain her mineral-veins.

## GLOSSARY.

*Adit*—An opening beneath the surface of the earth, to carry off the water from the mine.

*Cobbing*—Breaking the stones with an iron hammer, to separate the mineral from the refuse.

*Course of ore*—A wide vein or lode.

*Cross-course*—A hollow vein intersecting the lodes.

*Cross-cut*—A level driven to intersect the lode.

*Crusher*—A sort of iron mill used to crush the ore.

*Dowzing-rod*—A white thorn used by the ancient miners to ascertain the position of uncut lodes.

*Dragon*—A fiery meteor, said to be indicative of the earth's riches.

*Drill*—A bar of steel used for boring the rock.

*End*—A local name for level, the extremity of the subterranean passage.

*Fire-stamps*—A steam-engine used to stamp the rough ores.

*Fire-whim*—A small steam-engine used to draw up the broken earth.

*Fuse*—A flexible material, similar to common yarn, bound with twine, and filled with gunpowder; used in blasting.

*Gigger*—One who sifts the ores through a small sieve into a hutch or large box of water.

*Gossan*—Consists principally of per-oxide of iron, mixed with earthy matters, quartz, &c.

*Killas*—A dark-coloured stratum of rock, composed of clay, slate, &c

*Lander*—The man who empties the bucket when it reaches the mouth of the pit.

*Level*—An excavation along the mine.

*Level-plot*—A floor of wood where the miner fills the bucket.

*Lode*—A mineral deposit, generally running from east to west.

*Man-engine*—A machine to let the miners up and down the shaft.

*Mine*—An excavation of the earth.

*Pitches*—Cells of copper or any other mineral, where the labourer has a certain tribute.

*Prill*— A lump of solid mineral or metal.

*Rises*—Chambers raised from beneath.

*Smelting-house*—A place where raw ores are converted by fire into metal.

*Start* or *sturt*—Among miners an extra month's wages; chiefly, the good fortune of tributers.

*Stopes*—The upper or lower parts of levels broken up by miners.

*Stulls*—Large beams of wood across the lode, on which rough boards are nailed.

*Tinner*—One who works on tin.

*Tributer*—One who works for a certain part of the profits of the ores he may raise.

*Trunks*—Hutches let into the ground.

*Windlass*—A simple roller of wood with an iron handle, around which is wound a rope or chain, which is let up and down the pit.

*Winze*—A sink from one level to another.

# MINOR POEMS.

# MINOR POEMS.

## GREEN FIELDS.

Home of the healthy breeze,
Ye song-inspiring leas!
I wake my reed upon your lap once more;
And not a dear wild flower,
That woos the sun and shower,
But seems more lovely than in days of yore.

Here oft, beside this stile,—
The moon look'd down the while,—
Have I sat gazing on the village spire;
And as the solemn bell
Peal'd through the hollow dell,
My buried thoughts rose high o'er mound and pyre.

Ah! what is human life,
Its constant toil and strife?
What, but a Spring bud beaten by the blast?
Or cloud at dawning-time,
Or mist at morning's prime:
So soon they vanish, and so life is past.

Beside this hedge of thorn,
How sweet to muse at morn,
What time the skylark shakes him in the grass;
Then spreads his dewy wings,
And soaring sunward sings,
Pouring his lyre-notes in a liquid mass!

Around me steals his song,
Soft, musical, and strong,
Trickling amid the mosses of the mead;
Or where the daisies lie
With dew-tears in their eye,
Or swelling sweetly through the oaten reed.

Dear rural sight and sound,
With pastoral graces crown'd,
Throng round me musing by this meadow gate;
And sheep-bells far away
Blend with the thatcher's lay,
While wren in earnest calls upon his mate.

O, sweet from man to fly,
And mid your flowers to lie,
Winding my simple fancies into rhyme!
And sweet your halcyon calm,
And sweet your breezy balm,
Like fragrance wafted from some holier clime.

I dare not love the town;
Its full stream bears me down;
But here my soul breathes fetterless and free;
And round my vision throng
The genii of sweet song:
O, life is joyous pass'd upon the lea.

And when eve's purple vest
Hangs round the sleepy west,
And twilight's dusky gates wide open stand,
I ask no higher bliss,
No fuller cup than this,
To rove in rhyme-dreams o'er the meadow land.

And so, green fields, to you,
'Neath heaven's ethereal blue,
A pensive poet turns his weary feet:
For none will miss him here,
None mark the falling tear,
But the great Father on His shining seat.

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## WIDOW NICHOLS.

In a miserable hovel,
Upon a rushy moor,
Resided widow Nichols,
Proverbially poor.
All friendless was the pauper
In her hut upon the green;
And here she dwelt in solitude
As happy as a queen.

With a cup of limpid water
From a flowing fount hard by,
Her mouldy crust was eaten,
So very, very dry.

And when her meal was ended,
She clasp'd her hands in prayer:
"I thank Thee, holy Father,
For this my humble fare."

Within this world of sorrow
No earthly kin had she:
Some had been slain in battle,
And some were lost at sea:
Some had expired with fevers,
And some by slow decay,
And some had wither'd quickly,
Till all were pass'd away.

Here in this lonely cottage,
In poverty and pain,
She learn'd to love her Saviour,
Nor learn'd to love in vain.
An angel o'er her dwelling
Kept loving watch for aye;
And when she died, he bore her
To realms of heavenly day.

Not far off from the widow
There dwelt a wicked hind,
Who long had mark'd her conduct
With evil in his mind.
But, hearing of her exit
To the seraph-peopled shore,
He gave his heart to Jesus,
And learn'd to sin no more.

## THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"God bless thee," said the mother,
As her boy did by her stand,
With his bundle on his shoulder,
And his hawthorn in his hand.
"God bless thee on thy pilgrimage
Along life's rugged race!"
And o'er the threshold stepp'd the lad,
With tears upon his face.

He wander'd down the rushy flat,
Oft pausing in his dream,
And gazing back to see once more
His old home by the stream:
And every bird and fly and bee
That gladsome humm'd along
Seem'd with the silver brook to sing,
"God bless thee," in their song.

A mill-wheel turning round and round
Beneath a willow bank,
Where swallows dipp'd their flashing wings
And merry robins drank,
Where he with his bright-eyed compeers
A-playing had been found,
Seem'd echoing his mother's prayer,
When turning round and round.

On board a ship and o'er the seas
  Now sailing on in haste,
The flapping sails, the piping cords,
  The weary watery waste,
The mystic voices heard around
  On ocean and in air,
Were all replete with words of life,—
  His mother's holy prayer.

This nerved him as he toil'd through lands
  Unknown to poet's song,
When sorrow crush'd, or green-eyed grief,
  And disappointment strong.
And in the silent hush of life,
  Through crush'd with cruel care,
His soul drank in this healing strain,
  And felt his mother's prayer.

And when the God of Providence
  So bless'd him that his name
Was hallow'd by the great and good,
  And trumpeted by Fame,
His mother's prayer rang in his heart,
  And fill'd his soul with joy,
Making a paradise of earth:
  "God bless thee, precious boy!"

## WILD FLOWERS.

Fair dwellers of the fields,
White whisperers of the lane,
Sweet poets of the gentle Spring!
I 'm come to you again,
Where sighing breezes shake
The brightly-budding beech,
To treasure up for other days
The lessons that ye teach.

I know not why it is,
But sorrow flies, and fear,
And hope lights up my brighten'd soul,
When musing with you here.
And such a freshness flows
Along the dell and down:
O how unlike the feverish air
That settles on the town!

Give me the quiet mead,
The heath, the shelter'd bower,
The lichen'd cave, the rushy moor,
The forest-tree and flower;
The dear old hawthorn lane,
When Eve with gentle sigh
Reposes on her dewy couch,
With folded hands to die.

So let me linger here
Within the whispering vale,
While purple clouds float down the west,
And kiss your foreheads pale.
Among you throbs a voice,
Your great Creator's speech:
So let me wondering treasure up
The lessons that ye teach.

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## THE NEW-MADE WIDOW.

Turn up yon pathway edged with moss,
Across the open carne;
You 'll see, where three roads end in one,
A cottage and a barn.
Some stone-hedged meadows round them lie,
Where white-robed daisies shine;
A few sheep eat the mountain grass
Amid the speckled kine.

Once journeying on my weary way
In evening's fading light,
I cross'd the moss and stood before
This cottage on the height.
A new-made widow met mine eye
In life's delicious prime,
All wet with grief, which surely is
The saddest sight in time.

O, she was bended like a reed,
Her cheeks were pale as death;
Her eyes were red with weeping much,
And feverish was her breath.
She sobb'd like one about to die,
On some deserted shore,
When glancing on her little ones,
"My William is no more:

"O, yestermorn he left his home
With health and beauty blest;
He press'd my hand, and kiss'd our babe
Sweet-sleeping in its nest.
But ere the cricket chirp'd at eve,
Or stars began to shine,
My little ones were fatherless—
He 's buried in the mine.

"O Sir,"—and here she raised her eyes
Above earth's dusty clod,—
"My William was a man of prayer;
He 's surely now with God.
Though in the mine his body lies
A hundred fathoms down,
And I shall never see him more,
He wears a golden crown.

"This gives me now a second life;
When whelm'd in blackest seas,
I breast the waves, and seem to hear
His voice upon the breeze.

Soon we shall meet above the stars,
On Canaan's peaceful plain,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And never part again."

I spoke of Him whose watchful eye
Discerns the sparrow's fall,
Whose mercy and benevolence
Extend alike to all,—
The Father of the fatherless;
Then cross'd the common wide:
But this poor bended widow'd one
Was ever at my side.

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## AN OLD WOMAN IN TEARS.

I saw an old woman in tears,—
Her hopes were all built on the Rock,—
When the minister spake in the temple of God,
And the Spirit fell down on the flock.

Her limbs were all shaking with pain,
Her body was bended with years,
And palsy was evermore twitching her nerves,—
This wrinkled old woman in tears.

Her home is a cellar in town,
All damp with the spray of the sea;
And there with her Bible she dwelleth alone,
As happy as happy can be.

The peace of the Sabbath prevails;
On the hill-tops a halo appears;
And my heart is made better to worship with her,
This wasted old woman in tears.

---

## THE FATHER'S GIFT.

"COME, John, we 'll cease a-ploughing now:
You turn the horse a-field,
And bring the cows into the yard,
Their luscious milk to yield.
Build up the old gap by the carne,
While it is evening light;
Then hasten home; for I have there
A gift for you to-night."

John trotted down the narrow lane,
To let the horses drink;
And while they quaff'd the cooling draught,
The boy began to think:
"I wonder what my father has
At home to give to me:
A little orphan lamb perhaps;
I know not what, 't will be."

A-feeding in the grassy mead
He left the weary team;
And, plodding on his homeward way,
Indulged in many a dream.

And soon he pass'd the clinking mill,
The stile, the barn of thatch,
And stood within his father's porch,
With hand upon the latch.

The supper ended, grace was o'er,
The playful girls and boys
Enjoy'd themselves in leafy nooks
With picture-books and toys;
When, sitting on a grassy seat
Beside his rustic shed,
The old man call'd the boy to him,
And thus he sweetly said:

"I offer thee no bags of gold,
Or gems from fabled mine;
No jewels bright, or costly robes,
Or title-deeds are thine.
But thou, with health and honesty
And industry and care,
Canst win those treasures for thyself,
If thou wilt do and dare.

"But what I now present to thee
Will prove of higher worth,
If rightly read and understood,
Than all the gems of earth.
O, take this Bible from thy sire;
And may its light Divine
Illuminate thy path of life,
As it has brighten'd mine!"

Then kneeling down among the flowers
In twilight's deepening shade,
Placing his hands upon his boy,
The good old father pray'd.
O, sweetest music fill'd the void,
Low murmuring o'er the shed,
Floating upon the evening clouds
From angels over head.

Time pass'd along with rapid flow,
And upward grew the boy
To manhood's form: his father's gift,
The Bible, was his joy.
He prized it more than glittering gold:
And now he takes his stand
Among the gifted of the earth,
The honour'd of the land.

---

## THE LONELY MUSER.

The day had ended, the pale stars
Were shining through the sky,
As all alone a pensive man
Mused where the rough rocks lie,
Gazing away in empty space
With tear-drops in his eye.

The dark-cloak'd Reaper had just pass'd
Where bursting blossoms smiled;
Not heeding youth and innocence,
Or beauty undefiled,
He drew his sickle mid the flowers,
When fell his darling child.

O, she had grown beneath his eye
Like some angelic thing:
Their two brief beings mix'd in one
'Neath Love's elysian wing.
She fell a cherish'd part of him,
When broke life's feeble string.

And now among the heath he sits
That the fresh common fills,
Gazing away among the stars
That gem the heavenly hills;
And deems he sees his angel one
Beside the Eden rills.

---

## THE DAISY.

Bless thee, fair angel of the earth!
Opening thy silvery eye
On barren hills, whose rocky crests
Gaze up into the sky;

Or by the little wicket low,
On sunny slope and plain,
Sweet smiling near the village stile,
And in the country lane.

O, bless thee in thy snowy fringe
And crest of shining gold,
Thy polish'd stem and fibrous roots,
That grasp the slimy mould!
What troops are dancing in the meads
And by the farm-house lone,
What time the May-breeze floats along
With music-breathing tone!

One cloudy day in windy March,
My friend I chanced to see
Rock'd with the raving blast beside
A mole-hill on the lea;
And, O, it look'd with such a look,
I thought I could have cried,
As fluttering in the striving storm
It bow'd its head and died.

The cowslip comes and quickly goes,
And blue-bells, once a year;
The violets perish with the spring;
But thou art always here.
When Summer pants along the moors,
Or Autumn slacks his pace,
Or Winter roars among the reeds,
Thou rear'st thy smiling face.

I well remember when a boy
Within my father's mead
I wander'd oft beside the hedge,
To tune my simple reed.
And my young heart rejoiced to view
Fair pencill'd on thy frame,
Which then inspired my rustic muse,
Thy great Creator's name.

And how I 've watched the floating clouds
Careering through the sky,
When their dark shadows on thee fell,
To see thee close thine eye!
Then, if a passing sunbeam kiss'd
Thee, dancing o'er the plain,
How didst thou ope thy snowy lids,
And smile on me again!

So let me woo my English sprite
At evening's holy chime,
And kiss thy dewy lids once more
Before I close my rhyme.
And wandering on my weary way
In sunshine and in shower,
My heart shall oft rejoice to meet
My little daisy flower.

## THE AGED CHRISTIAN COUPLE.

"THE driving clouds are densely dark,
The moon is looking ill,
The winds are at their wildest freaks
By meadow-stile and mill;
And as I through the lattice-panes
Gaze out into the night,
I surely see the lightnings gleam
Along the rocky height.

"You 've been complaining all the day
Of keen rheumatic pains,
And showers at noontide fill'd the pools
With water in the lanes.
Our elder son is with us here,
From voyaging long at sea;
And leaves again to-morrow morn
For unexplored countrie.

"To kirk we 've gone on Sabbath eve
For forty years or more:
Shall we for once now stay at home,
And close our cottage door?
Old Time has turn'd these locks of ours
As white as driven snow,
And weakness fastens on our frame:—
Say, Lucy, must we go?"

The old dame placed her Bible down
  Upon the cushion'd chair,
And, gazing through her spectacles,
  She said with gentle air:
"Whilst I can creep on these old legs,
  Or crawl across the sod,
O let me in the holy place
  With Christians worship God!"

That night, upon an ancient seat
  Within the sacred place,
An aged couple might be seen
  With sunlight on their face:
And while the meek-eyed minister,
  In language sweet and clear,
Told of the rest for those that mourn'd,
  They felt that heaven was near.

Then hobbling home across the fields
  Beneath the shining moon,
The chatting dame forgot her pain,
  Her heart was so in tune.
Their converse was above the stars;
  For they by faith had striven;
And soon on wings of seraphim
  They gain'd the highest heaven.

## JANIE JONES.

In the hollow of a mountain,
By the sources of a rill,
Which sweetly murmur'd downward
Increasing to the mill,
Dwelt Janie Jones the joyful,
A gem in Nature's page,
As happy as a princess,
In the manacles of age.

She never had a sister,
She never had a brother;
She never knew her father,
She never knew her mother.
In poverty and hunger,
Obscurity and dearth,
Forsaken by the wealthy
She hobbled over earth.

Her garments were the coarsest,
Her hands with toil were hard;
From chiming gold and silver
The spinster was debarr'd.
But she was like a sunbeam
In the darken'd homes of time,
And cheer'd the child of suffering
With sympathy sublime.

Once on a time a traveller
Was trembling through the night;
The wild winds wail'd a satire
On the thunder-rifted height.
She warm'd him by her ingle,
And taught him how to pray;
A change pass'd o'er his spirit
As he hasted on his way.

A gentle orphan maiden
Came begging to her shed:
She kiss'd the pretty creature,
And freely gave her bread.
She clothed a little fellow
Who at sea was cast away;—
Though for these acts of kindness
She fasted night and day.

Believing in her Saviour,
Her mind was fill'd with love;
Earth teem'd with things of beauty,
Bright-tissued from above.
And when the grim Destroyer
Cut the aged olive down,
She said to those around her,
"I go to wear a crown."

## THE PRAYING SLAVE-GIRL.

THERE is a land all beautiful,
Where clearest waters flow,
And tall trees murmur in the woods,
And golden flowerets grow.
But o'er it hangs a death-dark cloud,
As black as black can be,
Whose funeral-shadow falls upon
The field of slavery.

Down in a hollow where the roe
Bounds wild from rock to rock,
A stately mansion stands, where dwell
A planter and his flock.
O, toiling slaves are tortured there
With whip and fire and chain,
And burning sighs roll up to heaven
For vengeance on the slain.

A colour'd maiden, free from guile,
And gentle as the rain
Which falls at leafy summer-time
Upon the grassy plain,
Came to her mistress sighing much;
Who blush'd not thus to rave:
"A black maid with a face like yours
Has not a soul to save."

But on the morrow, as she toil'd
Among the sugar-trees,
A heavenly voice came on her ear,
Borne by the passing breeze.
And as it floated through her hair,
And kiss'd the slave-dress'd sod,
It seem'd to whisper everywhere,
"O give thy heart to God!"

So by a weeping waterfall
She pray'd to Him above;
And soon the Holy Spirit came,
And fill'd her heart with love.
Alike the black, white, bond, and free,
May hear the Saviour's call;
No skins affect the Holy One:
His grace is free for all.

And when in after days the lash
Was drinking her hot blood,
And crushing her worn frame to earth,
Because she pray'd to God;
The black maid's spirit bounded high
On wings of silvery light,
And join'd the throngs of Paradise
In robes of purest white.

## EVENING PRAYER.

Amid the purple skylight
Is fading out the day,
And Vesper through the twilight
Is lighting it away.
Over the pool the swallow
Is wheeling his last flight,
While in the rushy hollow
Is heard the bird of night.

A solemn hush is stealing
Upon the holy air,
As two dear children, kneeling,
Repeat their evening prayer;
A sister and a brother,
With early beauty bright;
While o'er them bends their mother
In the religious light.

O, mark this hopeful creature,
This trustful parent-dove!
"Our Father," says the teacher;
"Our Father," says each love.
And as, like flowerets folded,
They slept in fond embrace,
Tear-drops by memory moulded
Were stealing down her face.

Thoughts crowd on one another;
Her childhood rises there,
Her Bible-loving mother,
Her early simple prayer,
All from the past are gleaming,
Like sunshine through the rain;
Hence her hot tears are streaming,
And she 's at prayer again.

And from that land all shadeless,
Where there is no more sea,
And freshest flowers are fadeless,
Bright beings bent to see:
And angel notes are swelling,
And lyres of glory shine,
Filling that humble dwelling
With melody divine.

---

## THE DYING LABOUR-LORD.

High over the whispering pines
The rooks in flocks were flying,
As in the cell of a lone poor-house
A labour-lord lay dying.

His frame was of giant mould,
Which time had partly broke;
His breast, his shoulders, back, and sides;
And his limbs like limbs of oak.

Now the mighty man was low,
His life was fleetly flying;
Old age had bound the village hind,
And the labour-lord lay dying.

Around him strangers moan'd,
Not a kindred face was there.
His friends? The grave had some, and some
Had flown he knew not where.

The daylight stream'd through heaven,
The birds sang on the spray,
And the mower was out with his shining scythe,
Cutting the early hay.

And the hedger was abroad,
And the traveller paced along;
And the bard was stretch'd in the hill's cool shade,
Piping his pastoral song.

And the white clouds floated high
In the deep blue fields of air,
And the swallows wheel'd where the insects humm'd
And murmur'd everywhere.

Far off, on the field of blood,
The red death-balls were flying,
And War drank deep from his warm gore-cup,
As the labour-lord lay dying.

Men pass'd along outside;
The rich, the great swept by;
But none inquired for the labour-lord
Who was so soon to die.

He oft had till'd their fields;
He oft had reap'd their grain;
The profits swell'd their shining hoards,
But his the crushing pain.

He gave to them his youth,
His manhood's golden prime;
And now they leave the labour-lord
Wreck'd on the strand of time.

None could compete with him
To cut the granite rock,
To guide the plough, or wield the scythe,
Or sheer the fleecy flock.

He was an honest man
As ever delved the sod:
Misfortune came, and they turn'd him here,
To die alone with God.

O Jesu! save his soul;
Absolve it from all sin;
And let the gates of glory take
His ransom'd spirit in.

---

## KIND WORDS.

'T is strange to feel, as on we plod
O'er the rough path of life,
What magic 's in a few kind words,
Breathed in the midst of strife,
Or murmur'd o'er the sick man's bed,
Or in the orphan's ear,
Or by the hearth so desolate,
The widow's heart to cheer.

Once, winding through the noisy streets,
I met an aged hind;
His face was shaded o'er with grief,
The reflex of his mind.
I took the stranger by the hand,
And spoke with gentle air:
The clouds departed from his brow,
And sunshine settled there.

By the road-side, beneath a tree
A weary wight sat down,
With garments patch'd and dust-bedimm'd;
His face and hands were brown.
"Man, look to God," a soft voice said,
"And cast on Him thy care:"
The beggar rose as if new life
Were granted to him there.

The day was fading into eve,
When by a rural cot
A pretty maiden, weeping much,
Bewail'd her lonely lot.
A few kind words fell on her ear
Like music from above,
And grief and sorrow, dread and fear,
Were swallow'd up in love.

A poet, sobbing o'er his lyre,
Sat in the hawthorn shade;
Its silent strings were rusted o'er,
And not a note they made.
A kind friend cheer'd him with his voice,
Who through the vale did plod;
The poet sang as if his strain
Dropp'd from the hills of God.

Within a dingy shop, smoke-black,
A husband and a sire,
Whose hands were bronzed with iron toil,
Stirr'd up a furnace-fire.

Why does he work so free to-day,
The foremost of his clan?
A few kind words have made him feel
And know himself a man.

Is gold a thing too great for thee?
Are gems beyond thy reach,
To give to cheer thy fellow-man?
Thou hast the gift of speech.
Speak kindly to the weary one,
The erring souls that stray:
So shall thy deeds like sunshine stream
Along life's rough highway.

---

## MARCH.

The stormy March is come,
Roaring among the trees,
And rushing on his tempest-car
Athwart the blighted leas.
And if the early flower
Its wakening eye unclose,
'T is blinded by the hurricane,
And withers where it grows.

Winds war with warring winds,
By angry Boreas driven;
And with their furious battlings
The craggy hills seem riven.
Old Ocean fumes and roars
Around the reeling mast,
And clouds like mountains through the sky
Are hurried with the blast.

The stormy March is come:
Though rough, thou 'rt welcome here:
Wild harbinger of April's days,
We greet thee with good cheer.
Thy entrance may be rude,
But it will not be long
Before the stormy March again
Will die away in song.

---

## THE PRAYING PEASANT.

Up rose the labouring man at morn;
And ere he left his shed,
To battle with the cares of life,
He knelt beside his bed;
And, with his eyes upturn'd to heaven,
He earnestly did pray
That God would grant His servant power
To live to Him that day.

None watch'd the weary toiler there,
None saw the good man weep:
His wife and much-loved little ones
Around him were asleep.
His prayer uprose to heaven for them,
Uprose to heaven for all;
And Christ look'd down well pleased to hear
The pleader's earnest call.

A weary worker, worn and wan,
With spirits much depress'd,
That day toil'd with him, and there seem'd
A load upon his breast.
The Christian's converse flow'd like balm
Into his wounded heart,
And life seem'd reft of half its cares,
And pain of half its smart.

A lone cot, by the grand old wood,—
You reach it through a lane,—
Half screen'd a sick man from the blast
In poverty and pain.
That evening saw him wipe the tears
From off the poor man's eyes,
Who drank his words like waters from
The gardens of the skies.

A bright boy bounding by the brook,
A damsel pale and slim,
A grey-hair'd, limping, friendless man,
Had loving words from him.

And when his children, wife, and he,
Around eve's altar bent,
He felt the Lord had answer'd prayer;
It was a day well spent.

And as upon his humble bed
In sweetest sleep he lay,
His spirit roam'd through vision-land
Where sinless spirits stray:
And on his tingling ears there fell
A flood of holy song
From golden lutes and living lyres,
Swept by the upper throng.

---

## THE FISHER'S WIFE.

"Look through the lattice, Laura,
Look out upon the main:
'T is time your fisher father
Was at his home again.
The winds are wailing wildly,
The great waves lash the strand:
O Saviour, save the fisher,
And bring him safe to land!"

And Laura through the casement
Gazed o'er the sand-hills brown
Upon the fretted ocean,
Which roll'd in fury down.

No vessel met her vision,
Or boat, upon the blue,
But hills of foamy water,
And clouds of pitchy hue.

"Look, look again, my Laura:
How fast comes on the night!
O what a sheet of sulphur
Is blazing round the height!
The pent-up rains are falling,
The thunders meet in strife:
O, when will come the fisher,
The sunshine of my life?"

And Laura's eyes are gleaming
Again upon the sea:
No boat is seen approaching,
Or fisher on the quay.
The sun has sunk in shadow,
A thick black darkens space:
Her heart beats hard and harder,
And tears are on her face.

"Now trim the midnight taper,
And, Laura, let us creep
Together to the doorway,
And back again to weep.
The storm is raging louder,
And deeper moans the sea;
The dismal darkness thickens;
No fisher comes to me."

And when the blush of morning
Hung on the brightening air,
They early sought the sea-side,
To weep in sorrow there.
For one a sire and lover,
And one a husband found,
Wash'd dead upon the shingles—
The fishermen were drown'd.

You see that cottage yonder;
The thatch is old and grey:
There Laura and her mother
Are living to this day.
And one is fresh as summer,
One wintry, reft, and riven;
And both wear weeds of widowhood,
And both prepare for heaven.

---

## THE DISTRESSED MECHANIC.

The hawthorn leaves were fading;
Its fruit was ripe and red;
It dangled down in clusters
From the old tree's prickly head.

Cock-robin only whistled
Where the autumn berries burn'd,
As the dinnerless mechanic
To his hungry ones return'd.

He left them in the morning
With his nightly fast unbroke,
And all day long has labour'd
In the cold oppressor's yoke.
And oft his hungry household
Would on his vision start,
As he returns at evening
With a cloud upon his heart.

He was an honest workman,
And diligent and good,
A sober, loving, pious soul;
And yet he wanted food.
O shame upon his country,
And shame upon his race,
To trample sterling honesty,
And brand it with disgrace!

O, see him slowly trailing
His wasted limbs along!
He who was once so brawny,
So stately and so strong!
A tear glides down the furrows
Upon his sunken cheek;
His eyes are lifted heavenward,
Like suffering martyr meek.

Deem not that unattended
This faithful man crept on:
No, angel eyes were bended
Upon this weeping one.
And chimes from Eden's rivers,
Through all his being flow,
Too sweet for ears unholy
In dells of death below.

Who meets him on the door-step?
His own beloved boy:
Drops glitter in his bright eyes,
Which damp a father's joy:
And in the straw are huddled
His baby and his wife,
Fading away for fasting
And feebleness of life.

Once many household comforts
Were sweetly round them spread;
But they with these have parted
To purchase daily bread.
All but a few dear volumes,
Which stand in sad array,
Like favourites round their chieftain,
Upon the battle-day.

Now see him clasp his children
Within his fond embrace:
One up his knee is climbing,
And one will kiss his face,

In spite of countless tear-drops
That fall upon the floor,
And echo in the silence :—
Could monarchs sorrow more ?

And now a prayer is offer'd
That God would grant them power
To kiss the hand that smites them
In this afflictive hour.
His dear ones kneel around him,
And share in his distress :
The busy world forgets them,
But He looks down to bless.

---

## BESSY BRIGHTON.

"Put on your hat, my darling :
The summer sun is bright ;
The greenwood leaves are beautiful,
And winking in the light ;
The gossamer is floating
Along its winding way :
So you may kiss your mother, dear,
And go an hour to play."

Then little Bessy Brighton,
Eight years of age or more,
With eyes as clear as dew-drops,
Skipp'd from her cottage-door;
And down a sandy channel
Among the rocks ran she,
Where shells and shining shingles
Were wash'd up by the sea.

Her mother plied her needle
As fleet as rhymer's lay,
And scarcely thought of Bessy
Who had gone out to play.
But when upon the table
The tea-things all were spread,
She ran in haste to seek her
With an uncover'd head.

She call'd the name of Bessy
Among the weeping flags;
She shriek'd the name of Bessy
Among the ringing crags.
Nought but her own wild echo
Came back upon her ear,
Or moaning of the ocean,
Which fill'd her soul with fear.

A peasant lad, returning
From labour on the lea,
Said, "Pretty little Bessy
Is floating on the sea.

I saw her as I travell'd
Around the fretted caves;
I saw, but could not save her;
She 's drown'd among the waves."

She shriek'd not at the tidings,
But meekly bow'd her head,
And quaked for inward anguish:
"It is the Lord," she said.
Now in her cottage lonely
Her daily task she plies,
With tears upon her pale face,
And Eden in her eyes.

---

## THE INVALID OF THE ALLEY.

Day after day departed,
The long nights pass'd away;
The pale man still grew paler
And thinner with decay.
His wasted frame still wasted,
His cough more hollow grew;
His hands could work no longer,
Though want uprose to view.

No meal was in the barrel,
Upon the shelf no bread:
He call'd his children round him,
And thus he sadly said:

"To morrow father leaves you,—
O do not, do not cry!—
To go into the Union,
In loneliness to die.

"If I should linger with you,
The parish will not give
The bread on which my dear ones
Can only hope to live.
I cannot labour longer:
So for your sakes I lie
Alone within the Union,
In solitude to die.

"But oft I 'll think upon you,
When morning comes so slow,
Or when the star of evening
Is mirror'd on the snow:
And as around the altar
Ye bend the willing knee,
My fancy shall behold you
Beseeching God for me.

"And if within its shadow
My latest hour I spend,
Then God will be your Father
And Christ will be your Friend.
I lean upon my Saviour
For grace to live and die,
And hope at last to meet you
For ever in the sky."

Then Jane, his youngest daughter;
His fairest, tenderest flower,
Climb'd up his knee and kiss'd him
In this oppressive hour.
Around his neck entwining,
Her arms she fondly flung;
And these the simple accents
That murmur'd from her tongue:

"O dearest, dearest father!
I cannot let you go:
Remain with little Janie,
And Peterkin, and Joe.
We 'll kindly wait upon you,
How ill soe'er you be:
Don't go into the Union,
But stay with them and me."

The sick man kiss'd the maiden,
Then bow'd his head to weep:
But when the morrow's sunbeams
Stream'd over dell and deep,
They bore him to the Union,
The iron gate was barr'd,
And soon a nameless pauper
Was buried in the yard.

## THE HAPPY CHOICE.

A LITTLE boy, one harvest-day,
Sat under a shady tree;
And a voice came whispering through the leaves,
"Child, give thy heart to Me."
"I will, I will," said the little boy;
"My Saviour mine shall be."

'T was a golden choice that boy had made,
And from the hills of God
A halo seem'd to fringe the flowers,
And glorify the sod,
And hang aloft in the upper air,
And flame the path he trod.

In a hut among the moorland reeds
A bridegroom and his bride,
What time the moon still evening woo'd,
Were kneeling side by side;
And their prayer uprose on the vesper breeze,
As the quivering daylight died.

Beside the fire in an old homestead,
A middle-aged hind,
With a nest brimful of singing birds,
Upon his hand reclined;
And thoughts of harps and streets of gold
Were rushing through his mind.

In a cottage on a craggy cliff,
Like a lone tree stript and bare,
An old man sat with the best of books;
White-silver'd was his hair;
And his eyes were turn'd to the gates of bliss;
For he knew he was almost there.

On a humble bed in a lonely room
A dying saint was laid;
Bright angels came, and bore him where
The rills of Eden play'd.
'T was the boy who gave to Christ his all,
And wise was the choice he made.

---

## THE OLD MAN BY THE STILE.

One evening o'er the heather
I wander'd with the Muse,
To revel mid the fairies
Among the early dews.
The red clouds hung above me
In all their crimson dyes,
And holy seem'd the common,
And holy seem'd the skies.

Then from the distant hamlet
The church bells slowly chime;
Sweet whispers fill'd the welkin,
And Peace slept on the thyme.
Life's battle for a season
Was echoless and still,
As with my harp I wander'd
Along the quiet hill.

O sweet those hours of rhyming
Cheer'd with the breezy balm
That floats from Eden's hillocks,
The ruffled soul to calm!
Now panting through dim alleys,
Where sorrow sobs its lay,
I think upon my heather,
And "sigh to flee away."

So turning down a sheep-path
Stain'd with the purple light,
I lifted up my eyeballs,
And saw a goodly sight.
A hoary-headed pilgrim
Upon a mossy mound
Beside a stile was sitting
In reverie profound.

Perchance the cup of sorrow
His God for him did fill;
And now a lonely mourner
He travell'd down the hill.

So here he crept in silence
Beneath the golden skies,
And look'd into the distance
With sad and thoughtful eyes.

Perchance amid life's bustle
He softly stole away
In this sequester'd corner
To meditate and pray.
Perchance he was a poet,
And here in Nature's fane
He woo'd the nymph of numbers,
And drank her liquid strain.

I watch'd him till the moonlight
Fell on the silver'd mere,
And beautified the common
In tissue-robings clear.
Then, like a pleasant vision,
He pass'd me with a smile,
And oft appears before me,
That old man by the stile.

---

## THE UNSUCCESSFUL MINER.

Far underground a miner
Is labouring most severe,
Blasting the shining marble
In lonely cavern drear.

O how the perspiration
Is streaming from him there!
And like a wretch expiring
He panted in his lair.

A month was nearly ended,
And he severe had wrought
Day after day in darkness,
And it was all for nought.
The mineral-vein had faded,
And now all hope was fled;
To-morrow should be pay-day,
His children have no bread.

He stood within the office,
His hat was in his hand;
He spoke, and much he trembled
Before that busy band:
"I've spent a month in labour,
A month of toil and pain,
A month of disappointment;
No tin was in the vein.

"And now I'm come to borrow
What surely should be fees,
Till I shall better prosper,
And pay you if you please.
O, think upon my household
All friendless and forlorn,
Weeping for bitter hunger
This golden summer morn."

He hung his head in silence,
A cloud pass'd o'er his brow,
As spake the ruddy captain,
"We've nothing for you now."
Within his soul an arrow
By those dread words was thrown;
His body bow'd and quiver'd,
His soul sent forth a groan.

He slowly turn'd and left them:
With feeble feverish pace
I saw him creeping homeward
With tears upon his face:
And as he near'd his dwelling
Upon the granite hill,
He raised his eyes and utter'd,
"It is my Father's will."

But all that day sad sorrow
Into my heart did flow,
And oft I seem'd to visit
That poor man's shed of woe.
I heard his children crying,
I felt the father's pain,
And still this mournful vision
Is labouring through my brain.

## GOD'S GREATEST WORK.

On through the meadow-paths they walk'd
  Towards the setting sun,
By hedgerows bright with hyacinths,
  That father and his son.
And now the old man raised his eyes,
  And ask'd with earnest joy,
"Which is the greatest work of God?
  Come, answer me, my boy."

Before them rose a lofty hill,
  With rocks upon its crest;
A rushing river at its base,
  And woods upon its breast;
The eagles perch'd among the crags:
  "O father, it must be
God's greatest work to raise and rib
  The eternal hills," said he.

"O no, my son: the hills are grand,
  And grand they will remain:
But God's great work is grander still!
  Come, answer me again."
Upon their ears came up the sound
  Of sea-waves on the shore:
"Is it yon ocean," said the boy,
  "With everlasting roar?"

"O no, my son: the sea is great;
But answer me again:
God's greatest work is greater still
And grander than the main."
Just then the sun set, and the moon
Came stealing forth in love:
"O, is it, father," said the boy,
"The bright blue heavens above?"

"O no, my son: the starry heavens
Proclaim the Almighty's power;
And so does every blade of grass,
And every tiny flower.
But God's great work surpasses these,
Repeated o'er and o'er,
More lofty than the loftiest skies:
Come, answer me once more."

The cottar's song came floating then
Across the dusky dell,
And sweetly solemn music made
The slow-struck curfew bell.
And holding fast his father's hand,
As by his side he ran,
He lifted up his voice, and said,
"God's greatest work is man."

"O no, my son: the greatest, best,
And noblest work of God
Is giving us His only Son,
To ransom us with blood.

This far outdoes our highest thought,—
The great redemption plan,
The fallen world brought back to heaven,
God's untold love to man."

The teaching on that summer eve
Was like the gentle shower
That falls refreshing on the grass,
And cheering on the flower.
And as through life from stage to stage
With fleeting foot he trod,
It shed a sweetness through his soul,
And led him up to God.

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## THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

The cooling eve stole o'er the earth,
The red sun sank in flame;
The ploughman eased his weary team,
And from the furrow came.
The shepherd penn'd his fleecy flock
Upon the quiet moor,
And sweet the happy cottager
Sang by his rustic door.

Down from the croft an aged dame
Came staggering with her load:
A few stray sticks her apron held,
To warm her mean abode;
And, sitting on a humble stool,
The wood securely piled,
Her thoughts were with her absent boy,
Her only living child.

O, years had pass'd since one bright morn,
When flowers were on the lea,
He bade farewell to all behind,
And sail'd across the sea.
Then, kneeling down, she pray'd for him,
All lonely in her shed;
And soon she sorrow'd for his sire
When laid among the dead.

Since then, the blast of time hath blown
Around her rude and high,
And left her on the strand of change
With tear-drops in her eye.
So she sits down again to muse
Upon her wandering boy,
To feed that flame which chance or change
Or time can ne'er destroy.

O, nought is like a mother's love
In this rude world of strife,
As pure and holy as the rills
Around the well of life.

It stronger grows as time departs
Along his tardy way,
And, as the sun, shines brighter still
Unto the perfect day.

But hark! a rap is at the door;
And ere she leaves her seat,
Her wandering boy is in her arms,
When tears and kisses meet.
And now she sobs, and now she smiles,
And now she smoothes his hair;
Then kneels, and with uplifted hands
Pours forth an earnest prayer.

"And can this really be my boy,
Again return'd to me,
With so much kindness in his heart?
O yes, 't is he, 't is he!
Last night I dreamt I saw him here
Before my gladden'd view,
And felt his arms about my neck:
Now, God be thank'd, 't is true."

And when the glow-worm's silvery light
Was gleaming by the well,
And on the hills the hush of night
Was resting like a spell,
The breath of prayer from that rude home
Uprose in strains of joy,
And Jesus Christ was honour'd by
That mother and her boy.

## THE DYING WIDOW.

THE day was waning dark and drear,
When in a rafter'd shed
A widow'd mother, worn and wan,
Lay dying on her bed:
Two little trembling children stood
And watch'd her while she said:

"The sands of life are ebbing fast;
I feel that I must die:
But stay your tears, my little ones;
Our Father in the sky
Has promised He will feed my babes:
Our Father cannot lie.

"Within the churchyard on the hill,
Beneath the old yew-tree,
Your sire has slept for many a day:
There let them bury me;
For I would rest with him I love
When death has set me free.

"And from our holy home in heaven,
Beyond the burning spheres,
We 'll oft stoop down with shining wings,
And brush away your tears.
Come, let me kiss you ere I die
And Zion's morn appears.

"Farewell, my babes! a crystal light
Is bursting on my gaze,
Far sweeter than the smile of morn,
Or noontide's burning blaze.
O Christ, support my children dear
Along life's tangled maze!

"Uphold them, feed them, shield and save,
And cheer them with Thy love;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Smile on the orphan dove;
And when the storm of time is o'er,
O may we meet above!"

She died: the winds howl o'er the thatch,
The pelting rains descend;
An angel enters Paradise,
An endless age to spend.
Her orphan children wept till morn;
Then God became their friend.

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## THE SETTLER'S DREAM.

'T was a day of toil. The weary sire
Partook at eve of his simple meal;
His wife sang sweet as a true bard's lyre,
As she turn'd in the dusk her spinning-wheel.

Their little boy, their only one,
Play'd his strange antics on the floor,
And the happy father gazed and smiled,
And the mother kiss'd him o'er and o'er.

'T was a day of peace. No angry sound
Jarr'd on the twanging passion-chord,
But all was sweetest harmony,
Like this which crown'd their evening board.

'T was a glorious eve in the harvest time,
And the golden hues of the dying day
Seem'd lingering on the distant hills,
To kiss them ere they pass'd away.

The first bright star looks through the sky;
It is the solemn hour of prayer;
And down they kneel in their wild wood home
In the far far west, and God is there.

He slumbers on his pillow now;
But thought is evermore awake,
And o'er the hills of his dear home-land
Its strange mysterious course doth take.

A happy cottage-child again,
He dances on from day to day,
Rejoices in his mother's smile,
And warms him in her sunny ray.

His sisters and his brothers come,
And lead him to their violet bowers,
And his tiny hands are fill'd again
With the gems of hope, his wild field flowers.

He walks in manhood's vesture now
O'er the green fields on Britain's sod,
Converses with his friends again,
And worships in the house of God.

But he awakes, and what to hear?
The savage howl of fiendish strife,
The red man's yell round his blazing home,
And his blood soon stains the scalping-knife.

Man, murmur not at God's decree;
That night a bloody deed was done,
Which raised a family to heaven,
To blaze illustrious as the sun.

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## THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN.

In my dear native valley I linger to hear
Thy song, little robin, so sweet and so clear.
With my staff in my hand I pause under the tree,
Ere I hasten away from my country and thee.

How sweet flow thy notes through my childhood's loved
bowers,
Where I 've crept in the spring-time to pluck the fresh
flowers!
Kind bird of the cot, with a tear in my eye,
Sweet little robin, I bid thee good-bye.

I fed thee in winter when north winds were blowing;
I have welcomed thee home when 't was fearfully snowing:
Thou hast enter'd my cot, and pick'd crumbs from my
hand,
And then sung me a song in the heat of the brand.
How my heart has been gladden'd in boyhood to see
Thy downy-soft nest 'neath the old village tree!
Kind bird of the cot, with a tear in my eye,
Sweet little robin, I bid thee good-bye.

Sing, sing, little robin! I 'll linger awhile
'Neath the hawthorn that spreads out above the old stile,
To catch thy last song that will fall on my ear,
Ever blended with home and with kindred so dear.
By the streamlets of gold-land thy trill will be heard,
In the stillness of evening, my sweet little bird!
I shall never forget thee, wherever I hie:
My own English robin, I bid thee good-bye.

## A FRAGMENT.

Come, tear-hung lyre, and let us climb the hill,
The dear old hill, replete with breeze and song.
How bare and ragged the rude mountain sides,
Looking as if the hurricane had pour'd
The sweeping waters on its ancient head,
Hurrying the loose sod to the vale beneath!
The fragile flowers that woo the April breeze
Rest their pale cheeks against its jutting ribs,
Or weep their tears upon its granite brow.
The hedges totter on their turfy base,
Ready to leap into confusion strange.
The straw-roof'd cottage where I 've piped my song
And sung wild music at the evening hour,
Is sadly shatter'd with Time's battering-ram,
Torn, rent, and rifted into gashes dire,
Where Desolation wakes his ruin-cry,
And shrieks for ever, "Ripe, ripe, ripe to fall!"
But still 't is passing lovely. All around,
Hamlet, and hill, and winding rivulet,
And hawthorn nodding on its kingly crest,
The dear old dwelling crumbling to the earth,
Castle, and rock, and distant church and spire,
Peer forth with looks of beauty. Here to me
Is nought but loveliness; nor can I gaze
Upon the bird's nest in our garden hedge,
But presently I am a child again.

# EPISTLES AND OTHER PIECES.

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## A STORY FOR JOHN ALFRED.

THE naughty Muse won't come, my boy,
Although for near an hour
I 've coax'd the maiden, quill in hand,
From her sequester'd bower.
But she won't come, do what I may,
And seems to shun the door:
However, let us trim the fire,
And woo the wench once more.

There is a little mossy dell
A long way from the town,
Unknown to railway travellers,
A stranger to renown.
The cuckoo-flowers grow there in Spring,
And the forget-me-not,
And many other wildings fair
Adorn this lonely spot.

Once on a time some worthy men
Within this heathy vine,
Perhaps a hundred years ago,
Sank pits to seek a mine.
These now are half fill'd up or more
By old Time stiff and stern,
And look like beds where fairies sleep,
O'ergrown with furze and fern.

One summer morn,—the lark was up,
And singing long and loud,
High o'er the hills and rising mist,
Which floated like a cloud,—
As to my daily work I went,
This vale I had to cross;
And in a pit I chanced to see
A bird's nest mid the moss.

O what a pretty nest it was!
Built with the greatest care,
With grass and moss and bits of wool,
And strangely lined with hair.
And four unfeather'd birds it held,
The loving mother's brood,
Which oped their mouths when I look'd in,
As if they ask'd for food.

A bird's nest in the broken bush,
Or hedge, or garden wall,
I cannot see but I behold
The hand of God in all.

O why despise the tuneful bard
Because he 's lowly born,
And like the robin builds his nest
And sings beneath the thorn?

A week had scarcely pass'd when I,
One noontide after rain,
With boyish feeling turn'd aside,
To seek that nest again.
Don't blame me for a deed like this:
By Nature's works beguiled,
With her in truth I know I shall
For ever be a child.

The birds were gone, the nest destroy'd,
With fragments on the clay,
And footmarks of a cruel boy
Who bore the brood away.
And underneath the spot where once
Her callow young she fed,
Without one mark of violence
The mother-bird lay dead.

My faith is this,—that in the fields
To gather worms she tried,
And coming back to find no brood
She *felt* so that she died.
O Alfred, never rob a nest:
The great God made us all
That we might love each living thing,
However mean or small.

## TO A LADY ON THE BURIAL OF HER MOTHER, 1858.

THE sun has sunk behind the hills; the twilight gathers round;
The swallows float beside the stream, which flows with solemn sound.
With trembling hand I snatch my harp off from the willow-tree,
And sweep my fingers o'er its strings, O maiden kind, for thee.

There is a gentle whisper now heard in the plaintive air,
Uprising from the cushion'd seat and from the vacant chair.
It flows around at evening-time, when dew-leaves clothe the flower,
And trembling through the garden walks at noontide's sunny hour.

O, listen to its breathing sweet in sunshine and in shade,
By mourning hearth, lone pictured room, still gallery and arcade!
Ay, though the utterer's gone from earth, borne o'er death's darksome waves,
This gentle whisper still is heard e'en from the place of graves.

I saw you drop the roses down upon your mother's bier,
And many an eye in that sad throng let fall the stealing tear.
O maiden, more than priceless gems, or rubies rich and rare,
Are fond affection's holy deeds, like those you taught us there.

I lost a little sister-babe, when life was in its zest;
And Death cut down my sainted sire, who gain'd the promised rest.
A brother died across the seas; but when my daughter fell,
How wrung the fibres of my soul no poet's tongue can tell.

And as among the ivy-leaves I mused with throbbing breast,
And saw your mother's coffin lower'd into its narrow rest,
My thoughts flew past the tall tree-tops that murmur'd overhead,
As if a saint sublimely sang, "O, weep not for the dead!

"For we are far above the stars, where no disease can come,
Where clouds and darkness gather not, in Eden's happy home;
And, though in bright unfading groves which never know a dearth,
Our eyes look down upon you now, and watch you on the earth."

## A RHYME FOR EDWARD BASTIN.

In a land of rock and heather,
Dark peat and prickly thorn,
Low hedges, hills, and mining pits,
A simple bard was born.
And in his early boyhood
The gentle Muse came down,
And breathed into his spirit,
As he cross'd the common brown.

He loved the golden sunshine,
The blue sky and the sea,
The clouds at solemn sunset,
The flowerets on the lea;
The birds and trees and rivers,
His cot upon the height,
The face of man and maiden,
And all things pure and bright.

You might have seen him wander
Along his father's leas,
Communing with the ivy,
And whispering with the breeze;
The swallows his companions
In many a sacred nook;
The hedges were his study,
And Nature was his book.

Upon the slender grasses,
The fragile floating seed,
The very smallest insect,
The most ungainly weed,
The crag, the cliff, the coppice,
Flowers clinging to the clod,—
Dame Nature's ready pupil,—
He read the name of God.

Then came a day of darkness,
Of deep poetic woe,
When duty's call was answer'd,
And he went down below
Mid slime and burning sulphur,
The flinty rock to part,
With childhood on his forehead
And beauty in his heart.

O, how he felt the pressure
Of this song-chilling gloom,
And long'd for breezy hillocks
Beyond the cavern's gloom!
For in his soul there struggled
Thoughts burning to have birth,
Which could not all be smother'd
Or buried in the earth.

And so, though crush'd with labour,
He oft lay mid the thyme,
When Eve was weeping dew-drops,
And wrote his simple rhyme,

Which cheer'd him as he jolted
Through life's convulsive jars,
Like hymnings from the highest,
Or whispers from the stars.

Years pass'd, and still he struggled
Where darkness sat enthroned,
And Danger lurk'd in shadow,
And weary workers groan'd.
And still his hymns he chanted
In solitude and night,
With none to lift him upward,
Or cheer him with the light.

Then children cluster'd round him,
And woo'd his fond embrace;
Sweet prattlers call'd him father,
And kiss'd his pallid face.
His rhymes began to wander
Among the walks of men;
And still he wrought in darkness
Below the quiet glen.

When, lo! as God would have it,
In humble clothing dress'd,
Two strangers sought his dwelling,
And thus the bard address'd:
"We 've read thy simple poems,
And thou must understand
That we are come to thank thee,
And take thee by the hand."

A ray of summer sunshine
Shot through the poet's heart:
The great earth teems with beauty,
And cherubs round him start;
And from his eyes the waters
In briny drops did flow,
As forth he went to labour
With hope upon his brow.

Now singing in the daylight,
And lighted with the sun,
He feels another era
Of pilgrimage begun.
So, snatching up his whistle,
He blows, as if 't would break,
A blast for Edward Bastin,
The helper of the weak.

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## A JOURNEY TO KYNANCE.

(ADDRESSED TO MISS M.)

THOUGH several weeks have pass'd away,
Since on that quiet autumn day
With our kind friends we turn'd a glance
Of wonder on sun-clad Kynance,

But on the n
Among th
A heavenly v
Borne by t
And as it flo
And kiss'd t
It seem'd to w
"O give thy

So by a weepin
She pray'd t
And soon the l
And fill'd her
Alike the black
May hear the
No skins affect
His grace is f

And when in a
Was drinking
And crushing l
Because she
The black maid's
On wings of
And join'd the
In robes of

How beautiful all Nature glow'd
That sunny day, as on we rode!
The sky above, the earth beneath,
The gentle fays that throng'd the heath,
The silvery light that bathed the rills,
The holy halo on the hills,
The sweet full song among the reeds,
Or trembling o'er the harvest meads,
Sank in the soul with solemn lull:
O, heaven and earth were beautiful.

But when the Cove, so rich and rare,
Burst on the eye of lady fair,
How did her glad heart bound to see
Dame Nature in such trickery!
The scaly crags like golden blocks,
The limpid pools among the rocks,
The glassy sea, the shining sand,
The sportive waves that kiss the land,
And tinsell'd knights, whose palfreys prance
Along the song-tracks of Kynance.

My little son now climbs my knee,
And scans me with his wicked ee,
Turns up his face a kiss to greet,
Or drags his fingers o'er the sheet,
Or holds to me some tiny toy:
O, blessings on my playful boy!
The placid moon is travelling high;
The comet blazes in the sky;
A gentle lay floats down the dell,
As thus my sad harp sighs farewell.

## TO EDWARD CAPERN, POSTMAN POET.

THE day has closed its wintry eye,
And so beside the fire
I gather with my singing birds,
My paper-scrap, and lyre.
And while the children dance for joy,
Their parents' smile to earn,
My thoughts bound up to Bideford,
Where dwells my friend Capern.

I often wish the naughty Fates
A little room would bring,
Where all alone the pensive bard
Might trim his lamp and sing:
But this is painfully denied:
Perhaps 't is best that I
Should carol mid my household larks,
Or where the swallows fly.

I therefore bind this murmuring sheet
Upon the brow of Joy,
And, dancing baby on my knee,
I kiss the blue-eyed boy.
God bless you, little happy things!
How much from you we learn!
So let us shout together here
Our poet's name, CAPERN.

Cheer up, cheer up, my singing friend!
We 'll climb the steep of Fame
In spite of outward obstacles,
And glory in our shame.
I would not turn the Muse away,
Like sad secluded nun,
For all that gold has ever bought,
Or Beauty ever won.

I still go plodding on my way,
With Care upon my back;
And visit many a cottage with
My Bible and a tract.
And O, the sights I sometimes see
Would make a postman stare,
And long for walks through scented lanes,
Or o'er the moorland bare.

But I am happy with my harp,
My minstrel-books, and boys,
My wife, and gentle daughter Jane,
Who fill my home with joys:
And when I need a word to clear
The puddle of my crown,
A welcome letter from the bard
Of Bideford comes down.

How goes it with your own good Jane,
And every household flower?
Mine sing like crickets by the hearth,
And in the garden-bower:

And though the damp November winds
  Are screaming round the stack,
They all are happy as when Spring
  Flung roses on their track.

So, reining in my rhyming steed,
  We linger in the dell,
And mid my shining olive-leaves
  I pause to breathe farewell;
And humbly ask, when time permits,
  A jingle from the chord
Of honest-hearted bright Capern,
  The bard of Bideford.

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## BARON TRENCK AND THE MOUSE.

"Day dies upon the mountain tops—
  I, in my murky cell,
Hear, coming through yon grating small,
  The distant curfew-bell.

"How long and lone my life would be,
  Hid in this prison-house,
Had I not one domestic friend,
  My little sportive mouse!

"A thousand times I 've call'd thee forth,
From thy sequester'd home;
A whistle—and my little mouse
Is always sure to come.

"How often have I talk'd with thee,
And half forgot my chain,
Laugh'd gaily in my dungeon dim,
Nor felt the prisoner's pain!

"Contrasted, too, my lot with his
Who quakes in guarded tower,
Or him who wields an iron rod
With proud despotic power.

"Though chain'd to these dark prison-walls,
And fasten'd with a ring,
With joy I hail thy frequent calls,
And oft thou hear'st me sing."

The morning breaks—the ruthless clan
Rush though the dungeon door,
Demand what voices loud and long
They heard the night before.

Trenck whistles—and the little mouse
Came at that music-tone:
They pounced upon his only friend,
And left him there alone.

The hero's eyes let fall a tear!
His thoughts were wandering wide.
Mouse in a lady's curtain'd room
Was caged, and shortly died.

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## WOODLANDS.

(THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF C. RULE, ESQ.)

GREEN garden by the sea!
A poet turns to thee,
Lured from the smoky town and holes unclean,
To revel mid thy flowers
When May bedecks thy bowers,
And drink thy anthems, rose-bound, rural queen!

The utterance of thy name
Reveals the porch again,
Leading to loving Nature's pastoral halls,
Where bird and bud and bee,
And rill and flower and tree,
Are hung in beauty on the mossy walls.

Within thy quiet shrine,
The home where joys recline,
A pious household lift their souls in song;
And voices far away
In earnest accents pray
That bounteous Heaven may shield and bless them long.

And when the sun goes down
Behind the hamlet brown,
And o'er the heights a purple hue is spread,
The meditative mind
Sees, in thy calm reclined,
A poet starting from each violet bed.

The grey skylark is thine,
Filling with lays divine
Thy primrose paths kiss'd with the golden sun;
Or where the daisies stand
In white robes on the land,
Till Silence steals forth, and the day is done.

How happy thus to dwell
With Nature in her cell,
And hear no sounds but from the soil and sea;
To trace God's mighty power
In every fern and flower,
And walk in converse with the Deity!

I ask for nothing more,
Amid life's ceaseless roar,
Than such a *sanctum* from its fever'd hours;
And when my ghost is freed,
O lay me and my reed
Amid the silence of the country flowers!

---

## ALFRED.

Down from distant Derby
Singing loud came he,
Wooing, winning, wedding
Pretty Mary C.
Happy, happy Alfred,
Under summer skies
Thus to visit Cornwall,
Bearing off the prize!

Thou hast found a treasure
Richer far than gold,
One whose native graces
Ever will unfold.
Mark you how she worships
At great Nature's shrine:—
Happy, happy Alfred,
Thus to call her thine!

Cornwall never nurtured,
Under bush or tree,
In dear cot or castle,
Fairer flower than she;
With an ear to listen
Aye to pity's whine:—
Happy, happy Alfred,
Thus to call her thine!

So a poet, tuning
This his simple lay,
Prays the Lord to bless you
On your marriage-day.
May the future brightly
Bring, to make you blest,
Knots of smiling cherubs
In your happy nest!

---

## ELLEN.

Like a zephyr came she
From her Reading dales;
Like a zephyr stole she
Through our Cornish vales;
Beautiful as sunlight
Filtering through the bower;
Silent as the dew-drops
Falling on the flower.

What are lords and ladies,
What a noble's weal,
If the soul is selfish,
And the heart is steel?
Better woo a pauper
In his rag and scar.—
Ellen has a spirit
Gentle as a star.

Gliding o'er the waters
Where the fisher came,
Creeping up the headland,
Ellen was the same;
Turning into Mylor
At the evening hour,
As a dirge was pealing
From the belfry tower.

From the earth and ocean,
From the sea and sky,
To their mighty Author
She would turn her eye:
And her song was hopeful
As a prophet's lay
Utter'd on the hill-tops
At the close of day.

Ferns and little flowerets,
On the ground that lie,
Blinking mid the mosses,
Smiling at the sky;

These she loved so dearly
On the moor and mead.—
If you marry Nelly,
You 'll be rich indeed.

---

## IN MEMORIAM

### E. H. L.

I MOURN with those that mourn:
Clouds round about me lower,
And tears flow down for him,
The gather'd flower.

And tears flow down for you,
Who bow before the blast
With stricken hearts for him
Whose life is past.

See, see, the golden gates
Of highest heaven unclose,
And Ernest enters in,
A fragrant rose.

O, yestermorn a flower
Bloom'd in *my* humble shed;
And evening shadows fell
Upon it dead.

Have they not met above,
Your angel-babe and mine,
In meads of boundless love
And bowers divine?

Then let us mourn no more:
Our Father's loving hand
Has placed those gentle sweets
In Eden-land.

---

## A POETICAL EPISTLE TO A LADY-FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

I THINK I promised long ago,
When days were short and nights were slow,
That I a jingling rhyme would send,
Wove for a faithful lady-friend,
Whose kindness, like a fragrant flower,
Has often cheer'd my Cornish bower.
So, snatching up my rustic reed,
I woo the Muses from the mead;
And as its first note breaks the air,
They troop around my fireside chair,
And seem well pleased their aid to lend
To pipe a song for lady-friend.

Old Winter now has left the woods,
And Spring is come in robe of buds.

The flowers are springing in the lane,
And cuckoo's note is heard again;
The linnet carols by the lake,
The blackbird whistles in the brake,
The thrush is tuning on the tree,
The lambs are dancing o'er the lea.
Abroad the poet pipes his lay:
"Thank God I see another May!"
Here you 'll be pleased to understand,
Your note much cheer'd my household band,
To know that you had health regain'd,
And so much happiness attain'd,
Which surely is, my lady-friend,
The greatest blessing God can send.
O, what is all a monarch's wealth
Without the golden gift of health?

Although the merry month of song,
To-day the wind blew loud and strong;
O'er hill and vale it madly swept,
And great the grumbling that it kept,
And great its wrecks half-wash'd ashore,
And great its trophies toppled o'er.
I saw a boat sink in the sea;
I saw it twist an aged tree;
I saw it smite an old man's hair,
And toss about a maiden fair;
And as it crack'd above our shed,
How Howard gazed and shook his head!
So, praying that your life may be
Spared many years from sorrow free,
To cheer the weary child of time,
I close my rustic-running rhyme.

## CAPERN'S VISIT TO CORNWALL, 1860.

### CORNUBIA TO DEVONIA GREETING.

HURRAH, classic Cornwall!
Shout with bardic pride:
Devon's thrush has warbled
O'er thy heathers wide;
And our hearts were gladden'd
By his converse strong,
Swelling round our pathway
Like an ancient song.

By Cornubia's crosses
Devon's gifted son,
With his harp unshoulder'd,
Sang when day was done:
And her gentle daughters,
Tuneful as the streams
Running round the rushes,
Were his richest themes;

Musing like a Druid
By the cromlechs brown,
Or the Nine Stone Maidens
Rising on the down;
Worshipping with Nature
Near the lonely loch,
By a poet's birthplace,
On the hill of rock.

Not a flower, my Cornwall,
On thy walk or wild,
But he seem'd to love it
As his maiden child:
And the linnet's carol,
And the robin's hymn,
Were in sweetest numbers
Syllabled by him.

Wildly sang the harpist
On the rough Land's End,
And where fairy Kynance
Woo'd him like a friend;
And by hill and hollow
In the coming time
Cornish lips shall murmur,
"Here did Capern rhyme."

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## THE AUTHOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

On a pensive eve in May's perfume,
A meek youth sat in his bower of broom,
When a nymph pass'd by with a pastoral reed,
Which she kindly left as his future meed:
And in the light of that fading day
He first began on its quills to play;
And the echo rang over glen and glade;
For strange and wild were the notes it made.

And every eve, when his task was done,
To the bower of heath that boy would run,
To dream of fame and the bard's high spell,
And tune his pipe in the glow-worm's cell.
Thus years pass'd by, and that lonely bower
Was the youth's retreat at the sunset hour.
For the dusty world he would little heed,
Well pleased to play on his pastoral reed.
His pipe and song fill'd his cup to the brim,
Till silence and Nature were portions of him.
And so his life pass'd like the breeze on a brae,
All melody, music, and freshness for aye;
When forth from the toiling crowd of time
Stepp'd a few kind friends with aid sublime,
Who cheer'd the bard with a helping hand,
And led him forth into author-land;
Bidding him hope, as he oft would groan;
And but for these he had sung unknown.
And now once more in his heartfelt lay
He would thank those friends of his early day
Who come again in his autumn hours
To deck his latest song with flowers.
So, sealing up his rustic shell,
He takes perchance a last farewell.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Cloth, gilt edges, price 4s.,*

# LAYS FROM THE MINE, THE MOOR, AND THE MOUNTAIN.

SECOND EDITION.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"'LAYS from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain,' is altogether a high-toned collection of poems. We attach no value to the fact that the poems are the compositions of a working man, the value of every poem being intrinsic. We may safely say that the public have been educated in a high poetic school. Some of the great modern poets come in the cheapest form. Longfellow and Mackay are in spirit daily visiting our cottages; and these, even more than Shelley, Byron, and Scott, kept fresh and warm the popular taste for poetry. It becomes, then, our duty to see that no wretched verses are foisted on the public with the dangerous plea that they are the performance of a peasant or an artisan. We must be careful that taste is not lowered. Therefore, not because Mr. Harris is a miner, but because he has the true instincts and perfect skill of the artist, we welcome a second edition of his poems. No man can read these poems without feeling that at least one luminous and gifted soul dignifies 'daily toil in the darkness of the mine.' No man can read these poems without rising from their perusal a better man. A beautiful contentment shines from every page. Would that every King—and Bomba especially—were like this man!...We are loth to part from these poems which are so homely and so ennobling; but we have done good service, less perhaps to the author than to mankind, if we

have helped the sale of them. One more extract, not because it is the cream of the volume, but because it combines grace with brevity.

'Welcome, welcome, little swallow,
Floating round my heathy hollow,' " &c.—*The Critic.*

" His writing to any other age would have been a marvel, and it is a phenomenon even in our own.....earnest, strong, and sweet with a father's love and all domestic affections. We subjoin a tale of a miner's heroism.....The recital of such deeds as these, however simply told, stirs the blood like wine, and fills us with a fuller strength."—*The Athenæum.*

" Mr. Harris is a Cornish man, and a man worthy to rank in the same class with Samuel Drew, and other gifted spirits that have derived their birth from Cornwall. The volume opens with a piece of considerable magnitude, entitled 'The Love of Home,' which is followed by another on 'Christian Heroism,' and another, 'The War-Fiend.' These pieces possess superior value, reflecting great credit alike on the understanding and the heart of our brave bard, and we might add on the community of Wesleyans to which he belongs, and to which, under Providence, he appears to have owed everything.

" The minor poems, which are numerous, are largely religious, and most of them excellent. The topics are well chosen, and such as cannot fail to interest the millions. Among the many beauties here presented, not the least captivating are 'Rhymes for my Children.' Mr. Harris, although a Christian man, a grave man, and a man whose poems might be supposed to make sad even a light heart, yet displays a blithe and joyous spirit, as he has shown by those sections of his effusions entitled 'Humorous Pieces' and 'Epistles.' We are glad to have made the acquaintance of this true Son of Song, and wish for him health, life, and length of days."—*The Christian Witness.*

" We spoke with warm praise (of these Lays) on their first appearance, and are pleased to find that the artless verses of the Cornish miner have met with more favour than falls to the lot of most books of poetry in these times. When we find that works of real merit have been written under outward disadvantages, it is difficult to refrain from taking this into account in bestowing the praise merited by their intrinsic worth. The poetry of Burns is regarded with increased admiration from our knowledge that it was the artless utterance of one who with his own hands held the plough. It is with the same feeling that we have read these 'Lays of a Cornish Miner.' The lore of books he may not have, but there is a higher education through the knowledge of nature and the human heart.

Additional pieces are published, which confirm our opinion as to the merits of the volume. He has the heart of a true poet, and, what is better, of an honest and devout man."—*The Literary Gazette.*

"AN intelligent, warm-hearted, and religious man: and since he addresses some lines 'To a Mouse which had eaten the Leaves of my Lexicon,' we conclude he is not without some modest pretensions even to ancient learning. There is real dignity in such a character; and we commend these simple, honest 'Lays' to the kindness of our readers."—*The London Quarterly Review.*

"WE have frequently had the good fortune to direct the attention of our readers to the power of genius in overcoming difficulties apparently insurmountable, in removing obstacles apparently immovable. The biography of England's children is full of such examples. We have men in literature, in art, in science, and in poetry, who have sprung from this people, and achieved greatness and won renown in the annals of their land. The peasant, the artisan, and the mechanic have all shown that the 'Spirit bloweth where it listeth,' and that the Lord calleth men from the most unlikely places to His and the world's work. The poor player, who became the immortal Shakspeare; the gifted Chatterton, the 'marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride;' the noble-hearted Burns, who 'in glory and in joy followed his plough along the mountain side,'—are the highest and the most notable examples of the greatness of the human mind, and of its power over seemingly indomitable circumstances. To those names we bow with reverence and wonder, for they are the monarchs of their kind.

"There are, however, others who, though not assuming such a colossal height as these greatly inspired ones, have, from the lowliest and most humble positions, won their way up to a worthy place among the gifted of the race, and who have acquired a noble renown among all who love, honour, and value true genius, no matter in what garb it appears. At the present time we have several such men, whose names and works 'the world will not willingly let die.' We have given the history of several of these extraordinary men, and we have now to add yet another to the list. John Harris is a Cornish miner, in which laborious and dangerous occupation he has been engaged all his life. Yet even here has the Muse found, and filled his heart with her rapture, giving unto him the 'vision and the faculty divine.' His eye has been opened by a beneficent nature to the beauties of the world, to the nobilities of life, and to the true glories of the Creator. The poems abound in pictures drawn from the life, and have the freshness about them which only comes from

the heart that is in sympathy with the things it describes,—honest, sturdy, English, vigorous, and terse. The following story is full of power and feeling, and its noble heroism goes directly to the heart:—

'Come, let us leave the fields and flowers behind,' &c.

"Mr. Harris has also a fine lyrical vein. We are glad to have this opportunity of speaking in praise of the works of a man so full of promise, and are also glad to gather from these outpourings of a working man the fact that in Mr. Harris all the domestic affections are nobly developed. The poems to his wife, his children, and his brother, show a heart awake to the dearest and holiest relations of life, and fully prove that their author is a noble-hearted man as well as a true and genuine poet."—*The Literary Companion.*

"THIS work affords another proof that true poetry, pure, fresh, musical, and flowing as the murmuring brook, is only to be learnt in fellowship with nature. John Harris has heard the still small voice in the wild solitude of the moorland, and amidst the solemn darkness of the Cornish mine; and his pen, true to the inspiration of his Divine Teacher, has transcribed the lessons he has learnt, in such a manner that his songs have reached the hearts of his readers, and the result is, that the public have called for a second edition of his charming 'Lays,' and are resolved to give due honour to this pure-minded child of nature. As we read the effusions of the heart, how the soul is taken away from the brick-built prison of the town, and made to revel in the pure air of the wild woodland! Here is an echo, as sweet as it is true, to him who loves to linger in the sacred ways of home:—

'Hail to thee, mountain birth-place! Not a rock
O'er-written with the stanzas of the storm,' &c.

Sweetly has the miner sung of the love of home, and several of his minor poems possess intrinsic worth. We have not room for further quotations, and therefore take leave of our friend the miner, hoping to see yet brighter gems extracted from the rich mine of his truly poetic soul."—*The North Devon Advertiser.*

"THIS volume contains poems of more than ordinary merit; and when the ordinary occupation of the poet is considered, these 'Lays' must be deemed to be extraordinary productions. The four chief pieces are 'The Love of Home,' 'Christian Heroism,' 'The War-Fiend, and 'Chanonchet and Wetamoe.' Something for all of our readers. The first of these is, in our opinion, worthy of great praise. The poet describes the love of country and of home as it exists in men of different ages and of different climes. 'Christian Heroism'

is truly replete with fine sentiment. His description of his own occupation is most forcible. Inviting the reader to follow him into the mine, he thus sings:—

'Don't fear to trust me, for I have been there,' &c.

"We assure the miner that his 'Lays' abound with some of the finest ideas we remember ever to have read."—*The Wesleyan Times.*

"ONCE more has the spirit of poetry passed over the likely ones of the earth, and breathed into the soul of another of our toiling, struggling hard-workers. She has, of late, shown in many instances her glorious impartiality, and indifference to the methods of man, and selected her favourites from the bye-ways of life. In the romantic, rugged, picturesque, and legend-haunted country of Cornwall is a miner named John Harris. In the bowels of the earth he pursues his dangerous toil, winning honest bread by the sweat of his brow. There the spirit found him, and the volume named at the head of this paper is the result of her inspiration. His poems are immeasurably superior to the working-class poets of the last century. Mr. Harris's lyrical power is equal to his descriptive. Our readers will remember his delightful little poem on the 'Swallow,' which we published the other day. What think they of the following?—

'Beside the village watering-place,
The beauteous Eda came,' &c.

We most heartily commend this volume of poems to the attention of all lovers of the 'Maid Divine.'"—*The Birmingham Daily Press.*

"THESE effusions contain much that is beautiful, and more that is truly Christian."—*The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

"THE lot of genius falls in strange places, and is, in the main, strangely unfortunate. Our readers will need no exemplification of this. History abounds in instances, from the blind Homer, who improvised his immortal epic by the roadside in poverty and neglect, subsisting on the charity of those who listened to his soul-inspiring strains, to the Scotch Burns, and from the latter to this new poet, who has but just fallen under our notice. We have intimated that the genius exhibited in the book to which we are drawing our readers' attention is of the highest order. We do more. We defy any of them, open the volume where they will, not to be as convinced of this as we are ourselves. They must see in unerring signs, written in letters of gold everywhere, that they are face to face with no mere poetaster, but with a true genuine born poet,

and an upright honest Christian man. Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' will be fresh in the recollection of all. There were surpassing beauties in it, and the public sat entranced as the bard sang. Every eye was lit with enthusiasm or melted to tears, as in glittering file the sweet creations of the poet's fancy passed before the rapt imagination. One poem, entitled 'The Love of Home,' reminded us strongly of this *chef d' œuvre* of the great Scotch bard. Keats has told us that

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!'

Here is an extract, enumerating things of beauty more than enough to render the 'adored earth,' as Goethe has it, a paradise.

'Earth is replete with nooks of happiness,' &c.

But we have not space to quote much more, or our readers would esteem it a treat to walk yet further in company with us and the Camborne miner. Another extract and we have done. This time a sonnet addressed to the 'Lark.' Shelley has in the best of all his minor poems addressed that bird. What little comparison may be instituted between the lays of two poets so dissimilar, will not be to the prejudice of the living one."—*The Liskeard Gazette.*

"He has seen bright visions beyond the rock that daily fronts his material, without barring his intellectual, progress. The characteristics of his book are originality and simplicity;—he modestly claims as much for it, when he in good truth might have done more. There is a purpose in all he writes. This volume we recommend to those who love to mark what genius can effect under no ordinary difficulties."—*The Church-and State Gazette.*

"This is one of the instances in which real genius has overcome the disadvantages of position and want of education, and enabled its possessor to tread the flowery walks of poetry, amidst the toils of an occupation apparently but little suited to the developement of his powers."—*The Friend.*

"We are glad to see that this very meritorious volume of poetry has met with so favourable a reception from the public, as to encourage the author to put forth a second and considerably enlarged edition. The volume contains no small portion of very genuine poetry, and is prevaded to a remarkable extent with a certain gentleness and refinement of reflective thought, and with much amiable and a great deal of strong religious feeling. The longest and most ambitious poem is written in blank verse, and is entitled 'The Love of Home.' It shows considerable power of poetical expression, and

occasionally breaks out into passages of genuine eloquence; but, on the whole, we confess it has pleased us less than some of the shorter and more unpretending pieces which the volume contains. The author has obviously thrown his whole heart into them, and pours forth his thoughts and feelings with the freedom, ease, and unconscious vigour, which seldom fail to distinguish the utterances of the true poet. The whole of the 'Rhymes for my Children,' and in general also the 'Humorous Pieces,' are extremely good,—showing an excellent vein of fresh thought, and keen, shrewd observation. We have been particularly pleased with 'The Truant Schoolboys,' 'The Two Boys and the Lamb,' and, 'To my Old Silk Hat.' The whole volume, however, is remarkable as the production of a man whose days are spent in severe toil, and in the exercise of a dangerous occupation; and it affords striking evidence that coarse manual labour and harsh and unkindly outward circumstances are perfectly compatible, not only with strenuous intellectual exertion, but with great polish and refinement of thought and feeling. We hope Mr. Harris's book will find its way into the libraries of the rich, as well as into the shelves of the humbler classes. Lovers of poetry especially will do well to patronize the humble efforts of a good and earnest man, who, amidst domestic cares and ceaseless and exhausting toils, has produced so many proofs of undoubted poetic genius."—*The West Briton.*

"POETS have come from the plough and the sheep-fold, from the weaver's shop and blacksmith's forge, the shoemaker's lapstone and the tailor's shop-board; but a poet from a mine is indeed a rarity. John Harris, of Camborne, is a man of whom his brother British workmen may be proud. The Cornish miner is as happy a man as any workman in the British dominions. Nor are they without their sweet true poet in John Harris, for many years a working miner, magnifying his lowly condition by noble thoughts and pious deeds. His little volume, 'Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain,' has won him the approbation of many of the wise and good of his native land."—*The British Workman.*

"IT is his nature to blossom into song, as 't is a tree's to leaf itself in April. We would advise all who love genuine poetry to read it, and all who patronize native talent to buy it."—*The Cornish Telegraph.*

"THESE 'Lays' possess considerable poetical merit."—*The Watchman.*

"LITTLE do the great, the proud, and the more opulent reflect on the sacrifices which multitudes of their fellow-men are through life

called to make, in order to procure the fire which warms and the gas which illuminates society above ground. It is affecting to think of a man of piety and genius, such a man as Mr. Harris, toiling and sweating, and wasting away life and time in the bowels of the earth, a man so superior to countless multitudes of those who, without thought, and without thanks, profit by the exertions of him and the class to which he belongs."—*The Christian Witness.*

"In a letter to the present writer Mr. Harris says, 'The Muses found me at a very early age, even when I plodded, satchel in hand, to the thatched school-house on the edge of the common, to get my daily lessons from a one-legged country schoolmaster. This, and the Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, were the only sources I had for an early education. But I was fond of books from a child, and often stole away from my playfellows into some solitary place to read and meditate. The tales of my mother, as we sat around the evening fire, sometimes filled my young imagination with wondrous dreams. Born on the crest of the hill, amid the crags and storms, I grew up in love with Nature, and she became my chief teacher. When I was a boy, I used to write rhymes for my playfellows on the clean side of cast-off labelled tea-papers, which my mother had brought from the shop; then listen while they read them with rapt delight. At the age of nine I was taken off from school and put to work in the fields. At the age of twelve I was put in the mine to work on the surface; and, one year later, I descended into its dark depths to labour hard for my bread; and in the same mine I have been digging day and night to this day.' Such is the author of 'Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain.' 'Many of the pieces,' says Mr. Harris, 'published in this volume, were originally written on the crown of my hat, as I sat in the twilight amid the heath-brakes of our Cornish hills.' He also adds, 'I also feel a pure inspiration in the open air, and generally compose out of doors.' The poems every where prove this."—*The Literary Companion.*

*Cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.,*

# THE LAND'S END, KYNANCE COVE, AND OTHER POEMS.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"TALENT is a great leveller, and John Harris, the author of "The Land's End, Kynance Cove,' &c., legitimately follows Mrs. ——. What a wide difference between the miner (such is John Harris) toiling day by day in one of the deepest mines in Cornwall, and a lady delicately nurtured in the lap of luxury! yet, by a strange coincidence, the names have jostled together. Mr. Harris hardly now needs any encouragement from us, as perhaps he needed, and which we earnestly awarded, when his first volume appeared. Writing some of his earlier effusions on the crown of his hat, in the twilight, amid the heathy brakes of the Cornish hills, descending to the darkness of the mine at the tender age of thirteen, and from that time toiling there almost every day, one can easily see how a manly courage has supported him. 'He babbles of green fields,' not exactly like Falstaff, but in the exuberance of life, and with wonderful truthfulness, considering the brief time now and always at his disposal for musing over the beauties of nature. John Harris has not written in vain, if labour needed another gifted soul of song to dignify it!"—*The Critic.*

"VERY local and not a little pleasant is a 'book of poetry' intituled 'The Land's End, Kynance Cove,' by John Harris; the poet having heretofore sung in the light of Davy's lamp, on the mountains, and wildly as the breeze on a moor. He is one to whom we may give encouragement."—*The Athenæum.*

"THIS little volume, which bears a resemblance to Byron's 'Hours of Idleness,' possesses a considerable portion of merit. The writer is, beyond question, a man of genius, largely endowed with the poetic spirit; and nothing but time and labour are necessary to raise him to a high place among the minor poets of his country. The volume is remarkably multifarious, and will be in high favour with young people."—*The Christian Witness.*

"'A POET is born, not made,' says Horace; and certainly when the poet happens to be a Cornish miner, it does appear as though the adage were illustrated, if not proved. The effusions of the present day are generally so artificial that a good classical scholar can always write poetry equal to the average published, and verse better than the mass. It is pleasing, then, to read the lays of men who, like Clare, Bloomfield, or Harris, *ex profano vulgo*, and indebted but little to education, dived into the spirit of minstrelsy, and gave us transcripts of real nature, and undeniable songs of the affections. To lovers of sentiment, such as a man of true feeling may conceive, couched in the language of a powerful imagination, we can safely recommend the poems of Harris, the Cornish miner. The following lyrical effusion is only a specimen of the many beauties to be found in this unassuming volume.

'THE GLOW-WORM.

'The mantle of twilight was flung
Over blossom, and beauty, and bower,' &c."
—*The Bedfordshire Mercury.*

"IT is quite refreshing to meet with a true poet of nature at a time when there is so much straining after effect, and when nothing seems to satisfy the mental palate save lava hot from the red lips of some angry Etna. Fury, passion, eruptive and volcanic, threatening the extinction of all our old loves, have been the fashionable 'rage' too long; and the peaceful scenes so sweetly sung by Burns, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others, have for a time been almost forgotten. But the storm hath its uses: nations need revolutions, and so does literature. Men know the value of peace after the excitement of war; and the true lover of nature will in this season of poetic fever hail the return of the truly English muse in such calm, healthy, and sturdy verses as those of John Harris. It is not often we see such strength as is manifested in the blank verse of 'The Land's End,' and that exquisite poem, 'Kynance Cove,' rich in 'fancy pictures.' The granite rock, the broken Cornish coast, the moor, the 'white-lipped waves,' have a voice for him, which he interprets well. Hear him as he sings,—

'For me the rocks have language, and I've thought
When gazing on those lichen'd chroniclers,' &c.

We have not chosen this as one of the best pictures which our author has given us. Mr. Harris is a natural singer and a born painter, and art in his case would certainly have spoiled his genius, inasmuch as it would have destroyed that originality which distinguishes his writings from others. The peculiar scenery of his county has made him what he is, and nature gave him the plastic genius which has been so moulded. There is music in his blank verse, but it is the music of the storm: hence one is surprised to see how he excels in lyric composition. To understand fully the beauty of his shorter poems, such as 'My little Maid," and most of those addressed to his family, as well as his frequent mention of the robin throughout the volume, it must be borne in mind that they were written when the author was working as a miner, and living on wild Troon Moor. This explanation gives the reader a key to the following tender lines of a loving father:—

'My little maid, thou canst not tell
How we are charm'd with this bright spell,' &c.

His love for his constant visitor and moorland friend, the robin, is touchingly illustrated by him, and his 'Robin's Monody' must become a great favourite. Listen to how he sings to 'A Violet in March.'

'I've crept from man away,
To kneel, sweet one, beneath thy lowly shrine,' &c.

Sparkling, musical, and original, there is a hallowing tone in these writings which cannot fail to awaken in the hearts of the thoughtful reader a song of gratitude to Him who filleth the earth with good."—*The Torquay Directory*.

"A MAN of whom Cornwall may well be proud,—a true poet, whose whole life until the last twelve months has been passed in the unvarying drudgery of mine labour. He has written and published two volumes of poems full of lyric beauty, and with all the pastoral freshness of a pure-hearted child of nature. The following extract from one of his letters will afford some idea of a mind matured under the pressure of the hardest outward circumstances."—*The New Briton Journal* (*America*).

"THE traveller on the West Cornwall Railway may remember that about half a mile west of Pool station there is a viaduct, in passing which a valley is seen stretching southward, closing in a narrow and sterile pass. This is his nearest approach to the spot

which until some twelve months ago was the home of John Harris, the author of the volume under our notice. The whole tract is described in one word—granite. The soil is granite, the houses granite, the hedges granite, the roads granite. Yet in this barren wilderness has nature produced a poet,—a man whose soul glows with the fire of genuine inspiration, whose harp rings with tones caught from the eternal melodies. In this dreary solitude, without funds, without books, doomed to daily drudgery in the depths of a mine, dependent upon the scanty gains of a working miner to provide for a wife and an infant family, simply by force of a meditative mind, of feelings alive to all 'impulses of sight and sound,' and, still more, the kindling life of pure and devout affections, has he made his upward way against all adverse and depressing circumstances, and attained the reputation of a graceful and melodious bard.

"We think him decidedly superior to Bloomfield,—perhaps on a level with Clare; and some of his pieces would reflect credit even on Allan Cunningham. One mark of true genius is most conspicuous in him. He finds the sources of his inspiration at home. Nature has nowhere so dull an aspect that the poetic spirit cannot detect some elements of beauty. The sky, with its floating isles of clouds, the changing glories of sun, moon, and stars, breezes and showers, lights and shadows, and the procession of the seasons,—these belong to all places alike; and out of such materials an imaginative spirit creates a paradise. There is no end to the beauties which the poetic eye of John Harris discovers in a granite moor. The blooming heath, the leaves and fruitage of the whortleberries, and here and there a budding thorn, with the dropt gold of the furze-bushes, give him a sense of floral luxury. The rain-drops gathered in the hollows of the rocks are to him the crystal pools of a living Eden. Alison's theory is profoundly true, that the element of beauty belongs to the organs of sight more than to the objects of it. So a poet's eye finds beauty everywhere, and flings the colourings of romance over the dreariest scenes. The human heart, too, beats as warmly in a miner's cottage as in a palace; and every genuine poet opens for himself some new fountain in that unexhausted deep. Our mining songster finds the spirit of poetry in the young faces that cluster around his hearth. Their infant looks and tones touch the springs of feeling in his soul. His thoughts often soar to the skies, but nestle with equal delight among the group at his fireside,—like Wordsworth's lark,—

'True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

But it is time our poet should speak for himself. The two longest pieces in the volume are descriptive of places which figure conspicu-

ously among the lions of Cornwall,—'The Land's End,' and 'Kynance Cove,' each written in blank verse. With the limited space at our command we prefer quoting from the minor poems, but cannot pass over the blank verse without noticing its harmonious and masterly structure. Indeed, nothing surprises us more in any of the poems than their sweep and breadth of lyric melody. This was a striking feature of the earlier volume, but in the second there is a still more opulent display of 'the treasures of sweet and solemn sound.' As a fair specimen of the genius of our bard we select

'THE OLD SLOE-TREE.

'There is a sloe-tree in the vale,
A bended, broken bough,' &c.

These poems have one substantial merit,—they please more on a second reading than on the first. That test is a severe one, but we have applied it to several of these pieces, and with a favourable result. Let the reader compare his feelings on this point with our own, on a re-reading of the following verses,—the pure, earnest breathing of a warm household affection.

'MY LITTLE MAID WHEN FOUR MONTHS OLD.'

For any more specimens of the writer's genius we must refer our readers to the elegant little volume under our notice. Every Cornishman who makes any pretensions to literary taste should expend a trifle in the purchase of this book, partly from the interest we naturally take in the products of home growth, and partly from a feeling of personal kindness to the author, whose moral character is quite on a level with his poetical abilities. We are happy to say that he has for some time past been released from daily toil as a miner, and has been engaged by some gentlemen of well known philanthropy at Falmouth as a Scripture Reader in that town. We tender him our best wishes for his future comfort, and trust that amidst his benevolent labours he will still find leisure to gratify us occasionally with the effusions of a genius which already places him in close rivalry with any poet that Cornwall has yet produced."—*The West Briton.*

"MR. HARRIS is a Cornish man, a miner, the author of a volume of poems entitled, 'Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain,' of which a number of reviewers spoke in terms of great praise. He himself claims for his poems 'the humble merit of originality and simplicity;' to these we will add the claims of freshness, joyousness, and true Christian feeling. He is an ardent admirer of nature, an enthusiastic lover of home and the fireside, a

pious Methodist, a sincere and lively Christian. Had we space, we could easily furnish proofs of this from the handsome volume now before us."—*The Wesleyan Times.*

"MANY of our readers are doubtless familiar with the name and writings of John Harris. He is one of the many living men who have, by the force of high talents and unremitting labour, overcome apparently unconquerable difficulties, and won a name in the land of song. At twelve years of age he began to work in a mine in Cornwall, and there, many fathoms under ground, shut out from the light of day, and all the sweet influences of sun and shade, deep in the bowels of the earth, has he toiled almost until the present day. Yet hath he wooed and won the Muse, and she has been to him a solace and a joy. His 'Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain,' gained for him the well merited praise of many of our highest literary authorities; and Mr. Harris, the Cornish miner, was at once placed among the very first of the poets who have, in spite of opposing circumstances, and most unpropitious surroundings, been gifted with 'the vision and the faculty divine.'

"The present volume fulfils all the promise of Mr. Harris's first. In a very brief and modest preface, he says he makes no higher claim for his poems than 'the humble merit of originality and simplicity.' These merits they undoubtedly have; and we consider them not 'humble,' but the very highest merits that poetry can possess. Our author's singing is genuine and original. It is the poetry of a true, loving, pious soul,—the song of one whose heart is alive to all the blessed influences of the social relations of life; and whose eye is open to all the beauties of nature; and in his own county of Cornwall nature has been lavish with beauty. Here is what he says of 'Kynance Cove:'—

> 'I 've been to fairy-land, and seen the fays
> Unvested in their workshop,' &c.

This is descriptive power of no mean kind. Pictures of similar grace and beauty are scattered about the two poems which give the name to the volume. The following, from 'The Land's End,' is equally good of its kind:—

> 'In a lone vale, a few miles to the south,
> An old tin streamer dwelt,' &c.

The volume has some excellent pieces, which prove how deeply the poet sympathises with all that is good and true. The home life of our bard must be a happy one. Wife, children, brother, sister, all are the themes of his song. Finer poems of the affections have but rarely been written; and we only regret that space will not allow us

to quote. We have one relief to our conscience; we can safely commend the volume to all. It is a book which age and youth alike can read, and be wiser, happier, and better for its perusal. With one short poem,—not the best we could select, but most suitable to our requirements,—we close our notice of these productions of a very extraordinary man, whom, we trust, these extracts will serve to make more widely known. Here is 'The Author's Address to his Friends.' "—*The Birmingham Journal.*

"It will afford me great pleasure to assist in promoting the sale of a worthy man's poems, in which I find much to admire."—*Walter Savage Landor.*

"We are told by La Harpe, that an author distinguished alike as an historian, critic, and poet, was one day visited by a friend, who, finding him engaged at his writing-desk, withdrew at once, as if fearful of disturbing him. 'Come in,' cried the penman, 'I am only scribbling vile prose!' and vile it probably was, for it was Voltaire who spoke. But in similar terms would many a versifier of our own day describe too truly the employment of his mis-spent hours:—'I am only scribbling vile poetry!' Vile enough, in some cases, from destitution of intellect, or, in others, from the abuse of it from sheer depravity. Here, however, we have a poet of another stamp; a man whose genius, hallowed by the inspirations of religion, dedicates the lyre of the Muses to the service of holiness and truth. Many already, both in Cornwall and beyond it, 'know the man and his communications,' through the widely spread and well received volume of 'Lays,' which preceded that now before us. And the pleasure with which one reads these gentle, yet spirited, compositions, is heightened by the recollection that the writer's education as a poet was not accomplished in the halls of learning, or in the bowers of luxury, but in the subterranean gloom and the grim toil of a Cornish mine.

"Throughout these simple effusions of Mr. Harris there reigns the sentiment of the beautiful and the holy. They are original, and not mere imitations. Originality is an essential attribute of the poet, who, as the name itself indicates, is a creator; whereas, the mere imitator bears only the same resemblance to a poet which the ape bears to a man. They are moreover distinguished by a delightful freshness, altogether different in this respect from the artificial inanities of modern versification. Not that we undervalue those rules of art which have been from the earliest ages of literature the canon laws of intellect. We only demand vitality along with form. Above all, these poems are instinct with the spirit of religion, both

natural and revealed. The writer is a Christian, and the best aspirations of his heart are here expressed in melodious numbers, which will live, because they are the vehicle of a principle which lives a deathless life, and tunes the immortal songs that become the litanies of successive generations, and swell softly on the still air of time."—*The Liskeard Gazette.*

"ONE of England's sons of toil, whose hands, roughed and bronzed with severest labour, could thus wield the pen with all the frolicsome lightness and playful fancy of a poet-nature. He has recently removed to Falmouth, where he is employed as a Scripture Reader among the poor, an occupation which furnishes greater leisure and facilities for intellectual culture."—*The North and South* (*America*).

"A BRACE OF SINGING BIRDS.

"OUR readers have heard of the names and works of Edward Capern, the rural postman, and poet of North Devon, and John Harris, the miner, and poet of Cornwall. How, in spite of their untoward and unpropitious circumstances, these two children of labour, being endowed with 'the vision and the faculty divine,' have proved a blessing, a joy, and an inspiration to thousands of their countrymen. And now the Songs of the Postman and the Stories of the Miner lie side by side on the tables of the lovers of true poetry; and, what is better, lie side by side in the hearts and memories of their fellow toilers in the hard struggle of life.

"In one respect both poets have had an equally fortunate fate. Their lots have been cast in the two most picturesque counties of England. The eyes of the one first opened their awakened vision to the matchless beauties of the woods, the dales, the hills, the rivers, and the sea of North Devon; to the other were given the sublimer, the awfuller, and more magnificent rocks, mountains, moors, and raging seas of Cornwall. From childhood the one rambled among the ferns of his own sweet lanes and dells, was entranced with the grace of Lynmouth; drank deeply of all that delightful old Bideford and its neighbourhood provides; fed his young hopes on the daring deeds of his Devonshire forefathers; listening admiringly to the legends, the superstitions, and the simple-hearted faith of the sailor population and the village gossips; and thus, though nurtured in poverty and toil, his young heart had stored up riches which are now showing themselves to the world in 'gems of purest ray serene.' The other, born on a moor, had from earliest boyhood been accustomed to gaze on the magnificent spectacle which the wonderful sights of his county afford. There for him was the wild desolation of the moors now entirely barren, now covered with heather and gorse, and dotted about with those strange mysterious stones with

which tradition connects such 'wild and wondrous tales.' For him was the unearthly beauty of Kynance Cove; the terrible sights and storms of Land's End; the glory of St. Michael's Mount; the wonders of its extraordinary mines; the traditional glories of Tintagel and the romance of King Arthur. These and a thousand nameless teachers were his; filling his young heart with a sense of beauty, and a deep and permanent love for all things noble and beautiful, till it burst forth into song; and men stayed in their busy course to list once more to the voice of the poet. Such are the two men, such are their surroundings, who have almost simultaneously sent forth their second venture to the world, and made that most venturesome of all adventures, a second appeal to the public.

"And first of Mr. Harris. We find that his second volume is superior to his first. His versification is stronger, bolder, more musical. His blank verse has the compass and power which his first efforts possessed, but it is richer, more varied: in a word, he is a greater master of his instrument, and plays upon it with a firmer hand. His love of nature, of flowers, of green fields, sunny skies, the grand and glorious ocean, and the influence of all these things on the heart of man, still inspire the muse of this son of the soil. Equally pure and strong is his love for all the sweet social relations of life; and many of his best pieces are dedicated to his home with all its joys. The purity of his muse is as lovely as it is commendable. Mr. Harris's home must be a paradise of love. But we must turn from the man to his poetry. Our first specimen is in blank verse, and is a fine example of our author's descriptive powers.

'Hail, fairy-featured, beautiful Kynance,' &c.

Of Mr. Harris's lyrical poems we select one, not the best, but appropriate to the season, and especially adapted for young readers. It is

'TO THE ROBIN.

'Little Robin, tell me now
Why thou warblest from that bough?'"

—*The Literary Companion.*

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